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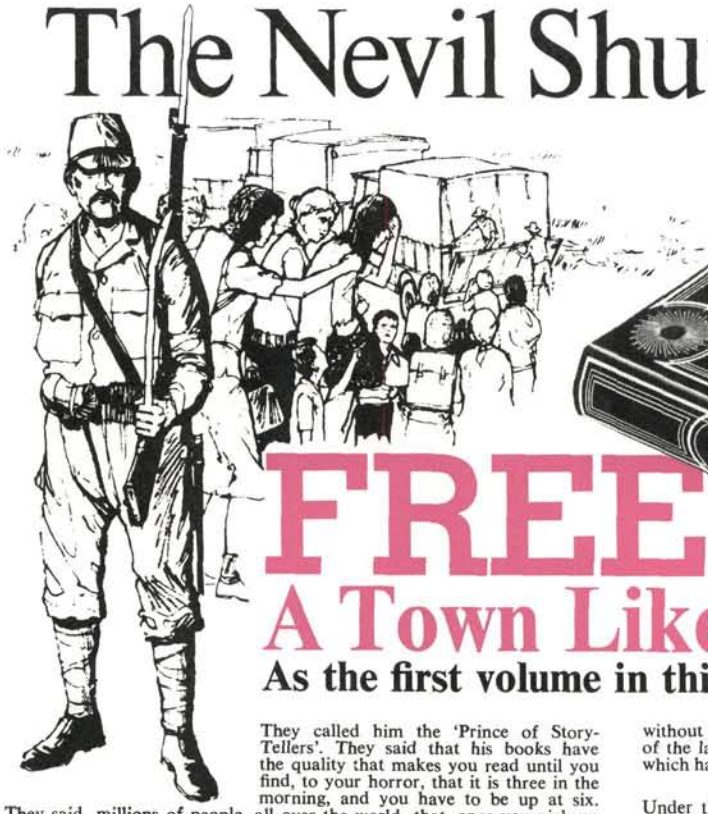

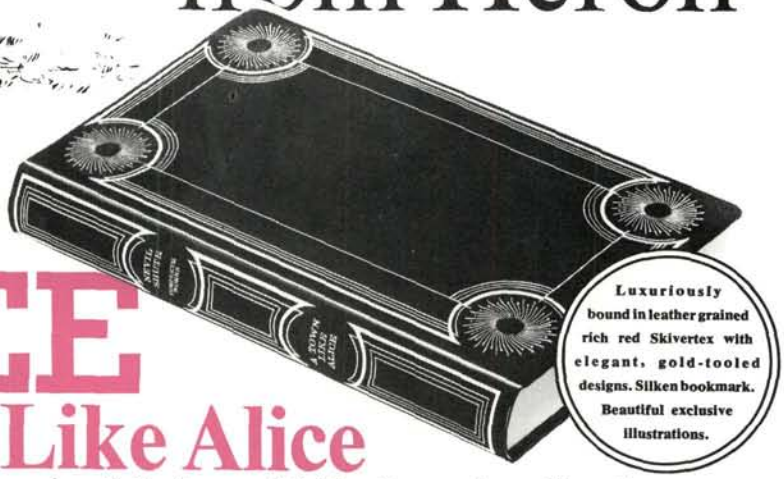

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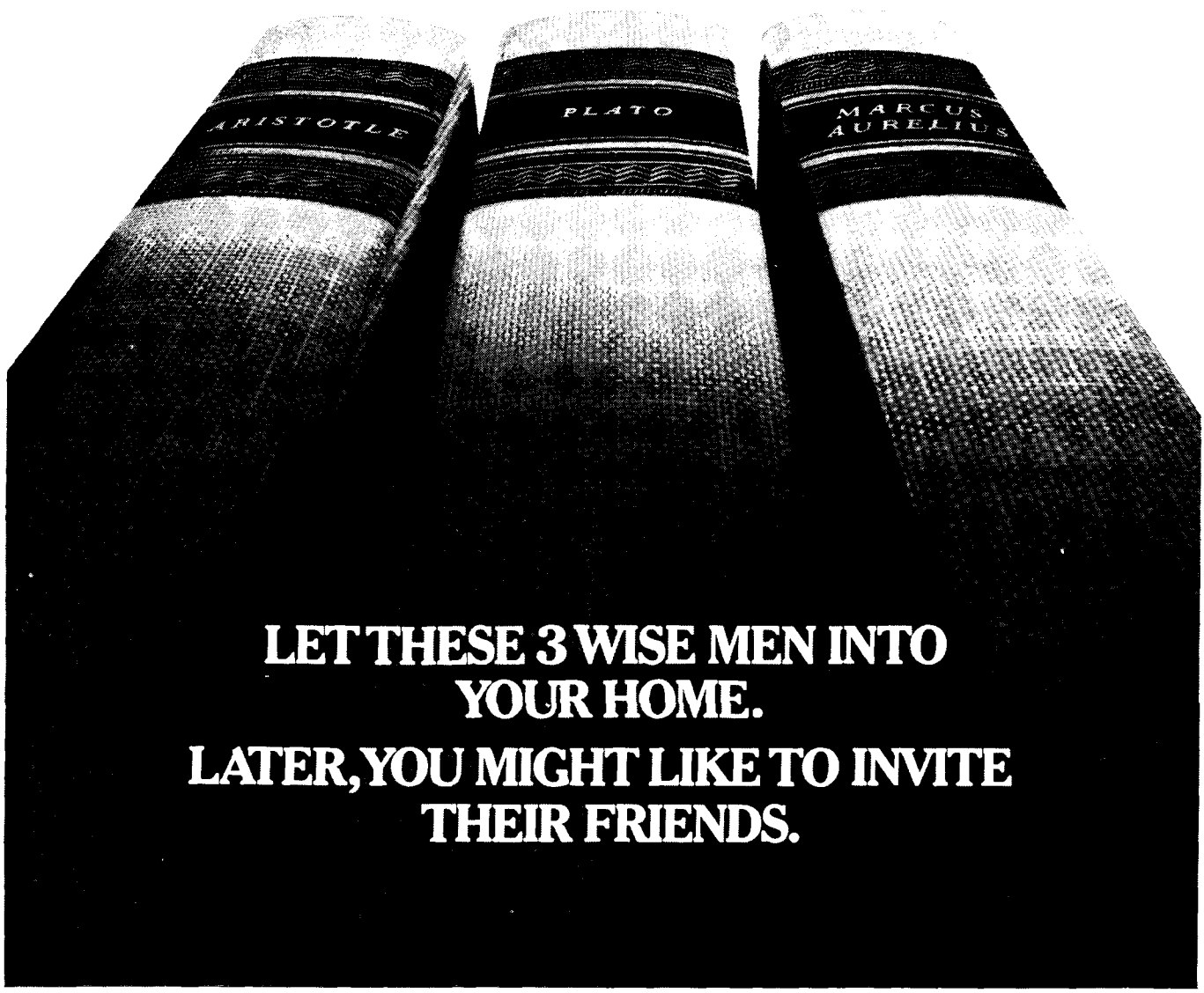

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In This Issue

we launch a series of articles by Professor **Ernest van den Haag**. At *NR*'s urging, Mr. van den Haag went to Vietnam last June during the height of the self-accusatory frenzy. John Kerry had testified before the Fulbright Committee to the effect that the United States is a running dog, and the whole (it seemed) of the *New York Times Book Review* was devoted to describing the literature of America's War Guilt. Mr. van den Haag speaks for himself, and divulges his findings in his own way. He is a practicing psychoanalyst, and a lecturer in social psychology at the New School, and New York University. Ten years ago he went to the Congo to report on the Katanga war. That report was published in NATIONAL REVIEW. . . . We inaugurate a new feature, which the author has chosen to entitle "Land of the Free." We asked our former senior editor **William F. Rickenbacker** to provide *NR*, a dozen times per year, with microcosmic examples of how private initiative and free-market resourcefulness might improve constipated situations, ranging from crowded highways to smog. Mr. Rickenbacker, whose collection of essays, *The Fourth House*, was published this spring, is a flier, pianist, polyglot, golfer, and essayist: and used to be a bon vivant, until he decided instead to make his living by redacting the *Rickenbacker Report*, an exclusive and learned inquiry into economic and investment situations (write to Box 1000, Briarcliff Manor, New York 10510). Mr. Rickenbacker begins the series by resurrecting President Willmoore Wheeler. . . . **James Burnham**, traveling around Greece, submits an analysis of what has happened there which is all but unique in giving us the perspective that allows both for the criticism and for the praise of the Colonels who continue to run the country. It focuses on the Ins and the Outs, and on the special relationship the Outs have with the cosmopolitan community.

—ED.

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Ruth Berenson enjoys Jacob's Pillow ☐ David Brudnoy approves two of three new films ☐ Martin Williams surveys the new TV season.

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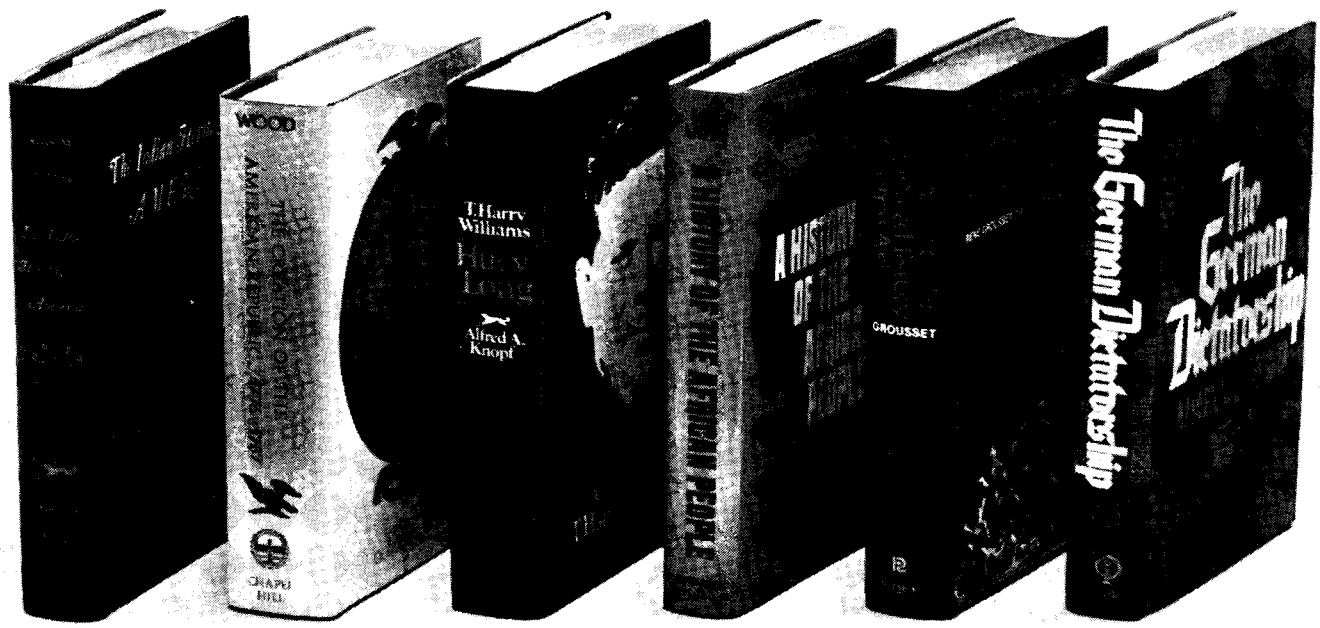

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Black Congresswoman **Shirley Chisholm** in '72 Presidential race for sure: She'll enter primaries in five states (including Florida, North Carolina). Far-left Rep. **Ron Dellums** (D., Calif.) is 100 per cent behind her; other black politicians, among them Michigan's Rep. **John Conyers** and **Julian Bond**, aren't—they feel blacks will swing maximum weight at '72 Democratic Convention by backing several favorite sons. . . . **Muskie** still slipping: He's lost support of antiwar ex-Rep. **Allard Lowenstein**, who now likes **Birch Bayh**, and ex-football star **Rosey Grier**, whom **Robert Kennedy** found helpful in wooing black voters. And money remains scarce—latest Muskie fund-raiser, a private meeting with Chicago businessmen, flopped. . . . Candidate **George McGovern** called on Chicago's **Mayor Richard Daley**, to see about getting McGovern-committed delegates on Illinois primary ballot. Betting is Daley will flood ballot with "uncommitted" delegates answerable to him, so as to retain control of Illinois Convention delegation. . . . On positions "central to the traditions of the Republican Party," Rep. **Paul McCloskey** scored 100 per cent, according to Ripon Society tally. Democratic Sen. **Abraham Ribicoff** came close, with 91 per cent.

■ Illinois Democrats likely to pick popular, liberal Rep. **Roman Pucinski** to oppose **Charles Percy** in 1972 Senate race. . . . Other Democratic representatives hoping to unseat Republican Senators: John Conyers (Mich.) and **Edith Green** (Ore.), gunning for **Robert Griffin** and **Mark Hatfield** respectively. . . . House liberals in trouble because of redistricting: **Bella Abzug** may have to run against equally liberal **Edward Koch** or **William Fitts Ryan** in mid-Manhattan; upstate, superlib **John Dow** will probably face one of two strong Republicans: **Hamilton Fish Jr.** or **Peter Peyser**. . . . Remap in Western

Yardley Jones, *Toronto Telegram* Ben Roth

Virginia puts anti-stripmining freshman **Ken Hechler** against powerful conservative **John Kee** (both Democrats); in Illinois redistricting threatens re-election chances of veteran Democrat **Abner Mikva** and black freshman **George Collins**. . . . Unprecedented: Rep. **Edwin W. Edwards** (D., La.) asked that he be taken off the House payroll while campaigning for governor back home; it took special legislation to do it.

■ New Morality Notes: ACLU's California executive director, **Jay Miller**, says group may challenge existing marijuana laws on constitutional grounds—invasion of privacy and equal protection. . . . Organized crime getting out of the prostitution business, according to report prepared for **Chicago Crime Commission**, because it's getting unprofitable: too many freelancers in the game; too few customers because sex can be had gratis elsewhere. . . . But WMTV, Madison, Wisc., had tough time finding authentic free-love couple to appear on panel discussion of "marriage *v.* living together."

■ Among signers of ad supporting October 13 Moratorium (sponsored by Trotskyist-led **National Peace Action Committee**, Communist-led **People's Coalition for Peace and Justice**): Senators Bayh, **John Tunney** and **Vance Hartke**. Muskie, who backed the two groups' rally in Washington last spring, didn't sign up this time around. . . . Rev. **Ralph Abernathy** told Communist-lining All-Christian Peace Assembly in Prague about "oppression, repression, genocide and injustice" against U.S. blacks; begged for "your intervention in our behalf before the UN." . . . Thanks to intervention of Bella Abzug, *Washington Post* Managing Editor **Richard Harwood** and radical columnist **Nicholas von Hoffman**, **Thomas Forcade** now has credentials to House and Senate press galleries, as representative of Underground Press Service. Forcade made news himself a year ago when he threw a pie in the face of a member of President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography. (Who wouldn't?)

■ Eighty orders so far for the **Concorde** (latest: three from China, three from Japan)—but that's not enough to make it go, says French journalist-politician **Jean-Jacques Servan-Schrieber**, so drop it. In England, instruments were placed in cathedrals to determine effects of Concorde's boom on ancient buildings. Result: No danger from the plane; plenty from some of the churches' own bells. . . . After years of threatening to do it, **South African** police followed through, chased guerrilla infiltrators (they'd mined a road) back across the border into **Zambia**. . . . Joint British-South African naval maneuvers now under way in the South Atlantic; last week South African frigate *President Steyn* visited Portsmouth (England) Harbor, the first to do so since 1964.

■ Some citizens of Attica, N.Y., pleased with success of curfew imposed during prison riot, urged it be reimposed on **Halloween** night.

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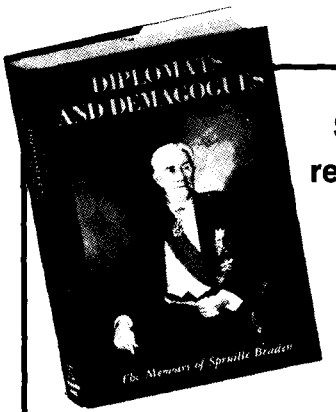

Special appendix restores "censored" conservative passages

The Liberal publisher who originally was scheduled to bring out these memoirs caused a number of conservative passages to be excised. When the present publishers discovered these omissions, it was too late and too costly to insert them again in the book. But because they are outspoken and lively, and too significant to be left out of the historical record, they are included in a last-minute appendix.

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LETTERS

Reynolds and NEP

Every time I decide not to renew my subscription—as after the hoax, whose "justification," notwithstanding ingenious attempts, requires intellectual acrobatics—you up and publish something like Alan Reynolds' "The Case against Wage and Price Control" [Sept. 24]. And the operative word is "up."

Lynbrook, N.Y. GEORGE EAGLE

In reply to Mr. Alan Reynolds on inflation, that big-bad-bureaucracy routine is the most hackneyed ploy in journalistic demagoguery. The hydra-head of inflation is big government, big business and big labor. They keep themselves in the front in taxes, prices and wages and they are the pacesetters in inflation. I'm a civil servant and I 'fess up to my part of the tax, price, wage spiral. Why is Mr. Reynolds so coy about 'fessing up to his part?

San Francisco, Calif. PHILLIP A. HOON

NEP: Another Problem

In their excellent discussions of the President's New Economic Policy, Alan Reynolds and John Davenport ["The Open Question," Oct. 8] both concentrated on the causes of inflation and the long-term effects of the controls, but there is also a more immediate problem with the wage-price freeze.

Compliance with the freeze is not self-executing. It is expected to operate, like our judicial system, on the adversary principle. Everyone is to try his best to minimize the adverse effects of the policy on himself by insuring that *his* costs are frozen. This is to be accomplished by all us potential thieves watching each other and reporting violations to a superintending agency of government. The actual policing, as in the Wild West, will be by vigilantes; each citizen is deputized.

In practice, this affords industry an enormous advantage. Prior to computer-organized, multimillion-dollar corporations, the adversary approach might have worked well enough in this situation. The housewife would be quite well acquainted with the assortment of goods stocked by the store she frequented and the price at which they sold prior to the freeze. The owner would know she knew. Therefore, there would be little incentive for him to cheat on the freeze.

Today, the consumer shops in many different stores offering a kaleidoscope of merchandise at prices that differ greatly. He has only the vaguest idea of which prices comply with the freeze and which do not. Unless the Cost of Living Council intends to hire tens of thousands of spot inspectors the ordinary consumer will be gouged before the freeze is lifted.

Since most retail operations are conducted on a grand scale, evasion is simple. There are two strata of decisionmaking in retail chain operations. Central management determines general pricing which is applied under local supervision. Central-office price directives will, of course, comply with the freeze. Subordinate operations will be formally instructed to conform. But the latitude for "error" or "oversight" in this welter of price conversions is enormous. Can a store manager be blamed for maintaining two hundred illegal prices in a store that carries two thousand items? This was the very excuse I got on my last visit to the local supermarket three weeks after the freeze went into effect. I recalled some pre-August 15 prices and took the considerable trouble of objecting to the unauthorized increases. But given the unwillingness of most consumers to take that much trouble, it is the height of naïveté to expect an adversary approach to police the freeze effectively.

Lynbrook, N.Y. ANDREW E. CARLAN

More on Szamuely

National Socialism, as the name suggests, was a senseless hybrid of Right and Left. Hermann Rauschning warned us before the war that this nihilistic movement, being without ideology, was certain to bolshevize itself eventually unless brought down by European conservatism.

To conclude as Mr. Szamuely does, however, that the old terms of political direction have no validity is to ignore the ever-increasing polarization precisely around these positions ["The Meaning of 'Left' and 'Right'," Aug. 24]. Left is egalitarianism, whether statist or utopian. Right is anti-egalitarianism, whether libertarian or traditionalist. Center is nonrecognition of the great dichotomy of our time.

St. Louis, Mo. W. E. FRANK

Simonds and Carto

I was deeply interested in C. H. Simonds' exposé of Liberty Lobby ["Willis Carto and His Fronts," Sept. 10] for several reasons.

First, in 1966 I was approached to become a life member of the Board of Policy of Liberty Lobby, having donated two hundred dollars. Shortly thereafter, I found that there were certain members of Liberty Lobby who shunned me because they had discovered I was of Sephardic Jewish extraction. In fact I am a direct descendant of a rabbi who officiated at the first inauguration of George Washington. However, I have embraced Christ as my Savior, but do not use that to deny my Jewish extraction, of which I am extremely proud.

Because of my personal experiences and knowledge of Liberty Lobby and its satellites, I believe that your article is very accurate and forthright.

New Rochelle, N.Y. CHARLES HARWOOD JR.

Hitchhiking

Garry Wills is back writing under the *nom de guerre*, Douglas Anderson ["Meditations on a Hitchhiking Ticket," Sept. 24]. True laws are laws Mr. Anderson endorses. Being caught violating an untrue law, not once but twice in one day, makes him mad enough to spit ice cream.

Mr. Anderson may think he negotiated a private contract, but when he is assaulted, beaten and robbed he will yell for the cops. And how about all the drivers who have themselves been robbed or murdered because they were kind-hearted and trusting, and believed a hitchhiker just wanted to get from one place to another?

Wichita, Kan. ROBERT G. WILSON

Evans and Witonski

I take exception to M. Stanton Evans' review of Peter Witonski's *The Wisdom of Conservatism* [Sept. 10] for several reasons. Witonski is criticized for including selections from Hobbes and Machiavelli on the grounds that these men were "absolutists," and therefore do not qualify as part of the conservative tradition. According to Mr. Evans only those following the "Christian tradition" of limited rule can bear the conservative standard. This definition is not only hopelessly limited but also quite confused. There is nothing in the history of Christian Europe to suggest that rulers were any less absolute or dictatorial than those of pagan Greece and Rome, or the rule of Asoka in India. On the contrary, Christianity has often given rise to most unconservative doctrines and movements: Thomas More's *Utopia*, the Crusades and the Inquisition are but a few illustrations.

If conservatism is to have meaning for man in the atomic age, it must cling to roots far deeper than mere religious conviction can support. It must rest on certain fundamental notions about the nature of man and his place in the world. Hobbes and Machiavelli were aware of man's nature and realistically sought to deal with it. For this perception they can be accepted in the conservative pantheon, as can Shakespeare and Socrates. In *Civilization and Its Discontents* Freud gives one of the strongest arguments for the conservative view of man in this century. But being a Jew by birth and an agnostic by profession he probably doesn't qualify under Mr. Evans' religious purity test.

MARTIN TENNENHOUSE

San Fernando, Calif. →

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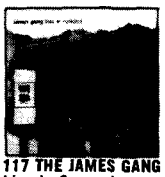
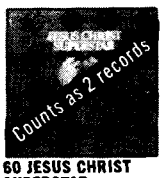


117 THE JAMES GANG
Live In Concert
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS

509 ROLLING STONES
Sticky Fingers
Rolst LP, 8TR, CASS

508 EMERSON LAKE & PALMER Tarkus
Cotil LP, 8TR, CASS



60 JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR
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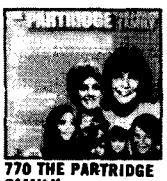
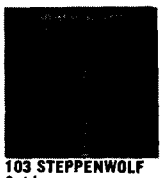
Decca LP, 8TR, CASS

118 THREE DOG NIGHT
Harmony
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



770 THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY
Sound Magazine
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS



103 STEPPENWOLF
Gold
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

507 STEPHEN STILLS 2
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

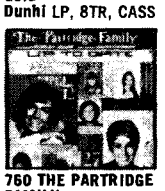
800 ELTON JOHN
11-17-70
Uni LP, 8TR, CASS

123 STEPPENWOLF
For Ladies Only
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

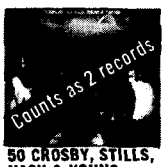
400 BEST OF GORDON LIGHTFOOT VOL. II
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

107 HAMILTON, JOE FRANK & REYNOLDS
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

100 THREE DOG NIGHT
Golden Bisquits
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



760 THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY
Up To Date
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS



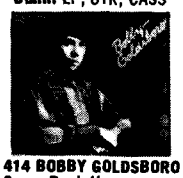
50 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG
4 Way Street
(2 record set)
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

763 FIFTH DIMENSION
Love's Lines,
Angles & Rhymes
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS

119 GRASSROOTS
16 Greatest Hits
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

120 MAMAS & PAPAS
If You Can Still Believe Your Eyes & Ears
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

500 ARETHA FRANKLIN
Live At Fillmore West
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



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Defense of Gen. Lane

I was really bowled over by Aram Bakshian's super-sophisticated comments on Gen. Lane's *America on Trial* ["Books in Brief," Sept. 10]. The review is sneering ("rather inferior rhetoric"); condescending ("the worthy General"); disparaging ("not all that much of a writer"); pejorative ("filled with familiar cold war jargon").

The few military men speaking up for our side ought to be encouraged. If their "rhetoric" is flawed, could we not let the *New York Times* deal with it?

Don't ridicule soldiers whose advice, no matter how badly written it was, could have shored up Indochina for years to come.

Nashville, Tenn. EDWARD CAFFERY

Cape Ann

I have just finished reading "Northeast of Boston," by Francis Russell [Aug. 10], and I would like to thank both Mr. Russell and NATIONAL REVIEW. The review itself was delightful, and I am also pleased that you noticed a somewhat less "serious" book like *Cape Ann: Cape America.*

But it is perhaps unfortunate to have selected a resident of Cape Cod to review a book on the glories of Cape Ann. No one living on Cape Cod and happy there could realize the quiet pleasure that is offered to those living in Manchester.

Alexandria, Va. RETA THOMAS

Another Solution

Here is another thought on transporting Alaskan oil ["Letters," Sept. 10]. Transport it by integral train as advocated by John G. Kneiling. The integral train is composed of permanently coupled groups of cars, each group self-powered. The load provides the necessary weight to make the wheels adhere to the track when power is applied, eliminating the need for the dead weight of a locomotive. Also, the cars need not be exceedingly strong and heavy to withstand the pull of a locomotive. This gives a low tare weight and makes possible a light, reasonably priced track.

There is no physical limitation as to the length of a train. A train seven miles long, carrying a shipload of oil, would cause small inconvenience at the few grade crossings in the arctic wilderness. There would be no expense for keeping the oil warm. It might freeze inside the cars but would flow again in the more moderate temperatures near the refinery, which would be in the continental United States.

Mr. Kneiling suggests that the Canadian National own the Canadian part of the track but that the shippers own the trains. This appears to take care of the possibility of expropriation.

Westend, Calif. M. D. ISELY

School and Due Process

Mr. J. G. Pastorius Jr. ["Letters," Sept. 24] takes pains to point out that Roman Catholic schools "inject religion into the daily lives of the young, to make it as much a part of life as meals and sleep, to implant and nurture a lifelong reverence, and to establish the Roman Catholic religion as a natural, necessary, inseparable part of life."

Does this mean that the alternative, i.e., the state's "public" schools, reject religion and disregard it as having nothing to do with life, that they nurture a lifelong irreverence toward religion, and establish irreligion or nonbelief as a natural, necessary, inseparable part of life?

If the former "clearly" violates the First Amendment, the latter poses exactly same problem. The Top Court, minus Chief Justice Burger, has often pointed out that the state must be "neutral" toward religion. The favored orthodoxy in education, i.e., the state's irreligious schools, can hardly be called neutral; on the contrary, the state seems entangled in nonbelief.

The due-process-of-law requirement has been well developed in litigation. The basic rationale is that the government cannot condition the benefits of citizenship on pretty much anything nor can it regulate anything not reasonably related to its intended purpose in the legislation.

Parents who choose a non-public school, religious or otherwise, in no way waive their right to a free primary and secondary education. They merely reject the state-imposed orthodoxy of public schools. This distinction is fundamental in law. Similarly, the penalties affixed on attendance in other than the state-run schools have no relationship to the state's purpose in education, which is merely to insure that all children attend school, some school.

Farmingdale, N.Y. JOHN F. KEANE

Volunteer Army

The September 24 NATIONAL REVIEW contained a paragraph on some recent problems in the Army's morale and enlistment rate ["The Week"]. You drew the illogical conclusion that the direct cause of these problems is the Army's new policy of promoting a more rational version of "boot camp."

First, let me comfort you by saying that basic training camp is, *on the whole*, as irrational as ever. Having just returned from a summer at Fort Knox, Ky., I can assure you that civilians are not doing KP, and beer is seldom seen either in the barracks or elsewhere. Lots of us appreciate the fact that there are DIs, and then there are DIs. I have met sergeants who are rough, tough, demanding and deserving of every soldier's respect. Then, I have met those sergeants and impenetrable lifers who are characteristically the nasty, brutish and short stand-ins for Jack Webb movies.

As an honest and responsible Army analyst must admit, the temper of the nation's Establishment, the directionless policies of our Vietnam involvement, and the Army's former propensity to resist any procedural changes that would make it appear more progressive than the U.S.

(Continues on page 1193)

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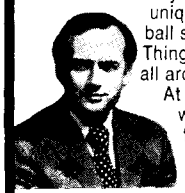

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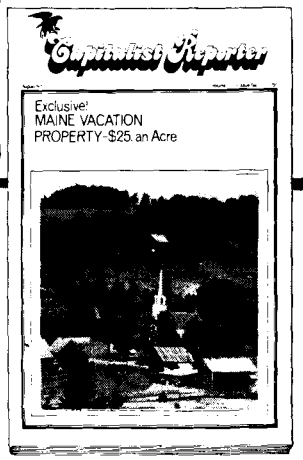

Land Grab

Canadian farm land near U.S. border $15/acre...rural U.S. property $25/acre...$10/acre on Portugese Riviera...Australian ranch land $5/acre...Caribbean property $100/acre. Why so cheap? We know *where* to look, *how* to buy. (Avoid land developers. Buy direct from a government...pick up tax-sale bargains, abandoned farms, timber land. Buy overseas: Land is still dirt-cheap, but is rising as *air fares drop* and more people travel farther afield.) **The Capitalist Reporter** spotlights choice areas...tells you who to see...how much to pay...what to look for & avoid...etc. Handle the preliminaries from home. **C/R EXCLUSIVE:** British Colonial Office will soon unload choice acreage on exquisite, little-known Caribbean island. Your price? Peanuts!

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Where to buy luxury cars in Europe (Mercedes, Jaguars, etc.) at discount prices... how to insult thieving, insolent natives in their own language...where to pack your kids off to a ranch for summer work...which airport duty-free shops offer authentic bargains (e.g. Amsterdam) and which are best avoided (e.g. Shannon)...wallow in luxury behind the Iron Curtain (like a Capitalist pig?) for under $10 a day...buy your own crumbling though habitable castle in Spain for about $5000...deal in black market currency...finance a trip to Hungary on Wilkinson razor blades...etc. Every month, in **The Capitalist Reporter.**

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THE WEEK

■ George McGovern is running for President. His problem is that not many people really care. McGovern cares. He journeyed to the college campuses. Boldly, in front of all those students, he promised that, if elected, he would grant amnesty to all draft evaders. Guts.

■ "Why are you here? You're here to cause trouble. I'll cut you up in little pieces!" What's this? Little Caesar to one of the boys? No; Edmund Muskie's Storm Troopers about to "crowd" John Lofton Jr., editor of the Republican National Committee journal *Monday*. Lofton sauntered out to Kennebunkport, Maine recently to do his journalistic duty by reporting the Democratic Presidential hopeful's shindig for some of his better-heeled supporters and contributors. Well, the Muskie goon squad began taking close-up flash shots of Lofton, trying to unnerve him. Muskie's executive assistant, Charles Micoleau, leapt over a table, shoved Lofton against a wall and forbade him to take pictures of the Great Man and his moneyed friends. This harassment of *Monday*'s editor kept up all weekend, after which the Muskie men tried to make light of the affair. Lofton "is a graduate of the William Loeb school of journalism," sneered Press Secretary Richard Stewart, referring to the publisher of the *Manchester* (N.H.) *Union Leader*. Edmund Muskie, as every one knows, is destined by Divine Providence to ascend to the Presidency, just so long as he isn't saddled with a Negro Vice President and observed by unfriendly reporters.

■ Wanted: a sponsor for a television movie, *U. S. China Policy: Danger at the Crossroads*, produced for the Committee of One Million by Patrick Nagle and Philip Nicolaides of the Agora Group. Narrated by William F. Buckley Jr., the hour film contains previously untelevised footage of Red Chinese practices; interviews with Chinese scholar Lin Yutang, *Newsweek* columnist Sydney Liu, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of China, Paul Cardinal Yu Pin, various civic leaders, defectors from mainland China (including a former ping-pong star); and discussions with Far Eastern specialists Anthony Kubek, Franz Michael and David Brudnoy. The film has been in production for several months and gains timeliness because of President Nixon's plan to visit Peking. Speeches by President Eisenhower, UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, current Secretary of State Rogers, Senator John Tower, and others round out the program. The film's producers hope that CBS might see fit to air the program as a counterweight to the Mike Wallace *Sixty Minutes* program in praise of the new China policy and the Eric Sevareid interview with James Reston after the latter's return from Red China. Or perhaps CBS, which is supposed to make a conscientious effort to present varying sides of important questions, might televise it. If the film is shown on American TV, it will be the first such program in many years to paint Red China in an unfavorable light.

■ At a university which will remain nameless, the following notice was circulated last spring to "Faculty and Staff": "I regret to announce that the Sex and Drug Reading and Browsing Library will be closed temporarily. Hopefully we will be able to reopen during the summer semester. If not, we will be open again in the fall. In the meantime, if you have any suggestions or donations for the library, please call . . ."

■ The thesis of *Nixon in the White House* by Evans and Novak, scheduled for October publication, is that upon assuming power Nixon was almost totally preoccupied with foreign affairs and during the next three years never succeeded in focusing on domestic matters and never took more than a frivolous interest in them. In contrast to tight Nixon-Kissinger control of foreign policy, domestic matters floated uncertainly, affected now by Burns, then by Moynihan or Erlichman or Schultz, and always by the shifting political pressures of the moment. The book is full of detail, bound to be controversial, but indisputably major.

■ University Professors for Academic Order has called our attention to the case of one of its members, Dr. Filimon D. Kowtoniuk, who is suing to regain his teaching position at Virginia State College. Dr. Kowtoniuk was a tenured professor, and he had received many commendations for his teaching since he started at VSC in 1961. At the end of the last school year, he was fired from VSC for "unprofessional conduct." UPAO, which has studied the file on Dr. Kowtoniuk and has sent representatives to the hearings on his case, feels there is strong evidence to support his claim that the real reason he is being fired is his politics: He is an anti-Communist Ukrainian refugee; he has spoken out against the militant antiwar movement; he has criticized some expressions of black militancy by colleagues; he opposed the Vietnam Moratoria. UPAO says that the formal charges against him seem either trivial or untrue. For example, a large part of the case was based on the allegation that he had referred to himself as "Dr." before he had officially received his PhD. However, it turned out that the document on which this charge was based was not in his handwriting. His case has not yet come to court. The UPAO member in charge of his defense is Henry A. Myers, 750 South High Street, Harrisonburg, Virginia 22801.

■ Abbie Hoffman went to the barber the other day and came out looking like George Bush. Is nothing sacred? How are we to know *them* if *they* don't look like *them*? Suddenly all those bushies, Fu Manchus and Viva Zapatas, teased curls down to the fourth rib, and other tonsorial insignia of the males in the Now crowd have become infradig because, reason america Hoffman's daddy and others, the straights have coopted those styles. Ditto

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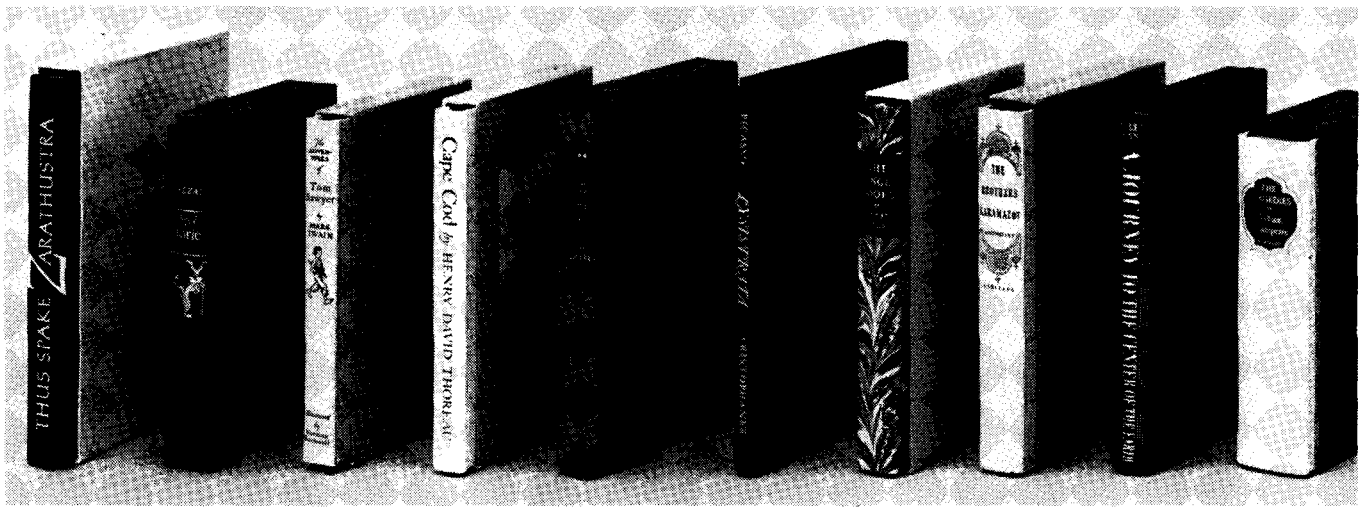

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with the clothes. Not only do *Esquire* and *Gentleman's Quarterly* and other vested-interest threads rags inform us that the Costume Party is Over, and a New Age of Elegance is Upon Us, but the Weatherfolk, Yippos and like-minded avatars of the Greened Third Consciousness are dropping their Indian beads, fringed vests, bell-bottom lounge pants, high denim drag and the like, and turning up in—of all things—three-piece grey flannel suits. On Madison Avenue the conformist ethic is back in vogue, the days of fuchsia body shirts and foulard-print sailor-pants now quite, quite gone. Only folks still lapping after KiddieKultchahCouture are three spinster ladies in Providence, R.I. and the Chairman of the Board of Education of Boise, Idaho.

■ Diplomacy and balance-of-power notes: South Africa's new outward policy has another taker—Malawi's President Banda was the first head of a black African nation to visit South Africa; President Idi Amin of Uganda will send an official delegation. . . . Meanwhile, South Africa has announced the development of a new kind of air-to-air missile; in fact, she now has a large enough munitions industry (developed because no other country would sell her arms) to begin exporting weapons "to friendly countries." . . . Israel is also reported to be building a new type of missile, capable of carrying a 1,000 to 1,500 pound warhead three hundred miles or more. Said one American official: "It wouldn't make much sense to manufacture a costly weapon like Jericho merely to carry the equivalent of two or three 500 pound bombs. The decision to go into production strongly suggests Israel has, or believes it could soon have, nuclear warheads for the system." . . . And finally, a U. S. Navy official says this country is going to be sending more ships to the Indian Ocean, in response to the Soviet naval buildup.

■ Chou En-lai: consult your Little Red Book, any page. After Red China's premier played host to a youthful "Friendship Delegation to China" sent by the left-wing, self-styled "Committee for Concerned Asian Scholars," the CCAS issued a transcript of the four-hour interview, evidently under the impression that Chou's remarks gave support to the American students' delusions. Not quite so. Chou referred to the American students as having "entered the Red Guard period," which remark the gurgling Americans were too untutored to realize was a slap; Chou has long since had his fill of Chinese delinquents in the Red Guard hysteria. Then he put the Americans on a bit about his age, deprecating himself so broadly that he could only have been ironic. Of course the Americans missed the point. Chou went on to answer their questions with utter disregard for credibility; the Americans, awed by the Imperial Presence, never followed up Chou's non sequiturs with probing requestionings. Chou pooh-poohed the students' remarks that the "revolutionary" movement in the U.S. was coming along just fine, thank you. Very gently, of course, the Premier suggested that he for one would prefer to deal with the American President than with the "revolutionists." Chou concluded by urging them not to spread the story at home that everything in China was perfect. Chou's a man, evidently, who gags at too much mindless enthusiasm—unless, one supposes, it's directed at the thoughts of Mao Tse-tung.

■ As far as Vatican diplomacy is concerned, Cardinal Mindszenty's coming to the West is of dubious value. There is no real evidence, after fifty years, that the Communists do not mean what they say about religion's being the opium of the people and the appropriate object of drug-control. Just in the last year, for example, there has been another round of persecution of Baptists in the USSR, and two Protestant periodicals are being harassed by the Czech government. It is unlikely that the Roman Catholics in Hungary will fare much better, even with Mindszenty gone. However, as far as the Cardinal himself is concerned, there is surely a difference between just giving up a moral stand, and choosing, for higher reasons, to give up one martyrdom in order to endure another. As Mindszenty himself said in his letter to the Pope before leaving Budapest: "I desire to spend the rest of my life in Hungary among my people whom I love so much. . . . But if that is impossible because of the passions aroused against me or because of higher considerations on the part of the Church, I will accept what would constitute for me perhaps the heaviest cross of my life."

■ If you think there's something odd about this paragraph from a recent *New York Times* editorial you might try reading it a second time. It will seem just as odd.

> "Whatever it may be that has made Washington amenable to the October visit, it emphatically is not any lifting of repression in Greece. On the day Mr. Agnew's travel plan was announced, an Athens military court sentenced Lady Fleming, the Greek-born widow of the discoverer of penicillin, to sixteen months in jail for assisting an abortive plot for the escape of a young Greek who had tried to assassinate Colonel Papadopoulos."

■ There have been 1,439 requests for specific exemptions from the wage-price freeze, of which none has been granted. And now, latest election returns from Albania . . .

■ Edmund Muskie has hired the services of Joseph E. Booker Associates, a black PR firm.

The Tergiversation of Poff

Richard Poff, reportedly President Nixon's first choice to fill one of the vacancies on the Supreme Court, abruptly withdrew his name from consideration last week causing, at least, confusion. The reasons for his action are not yet, and may never be, clear; the explanations, not quite satisfactory. It is known that Representative

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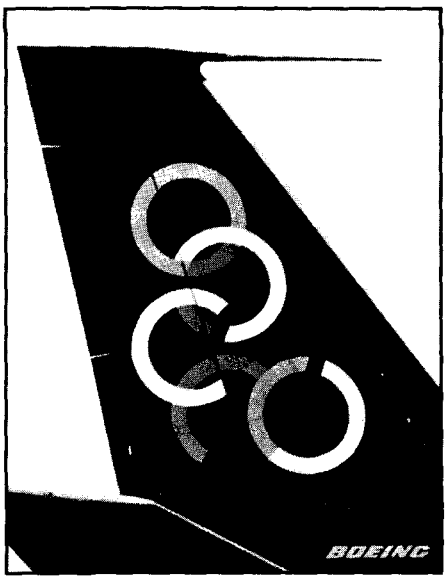

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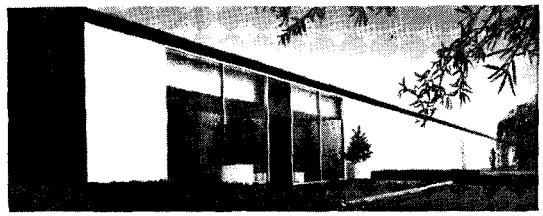

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Poff wanted the seat, that in his own quiet and much respected way he had been "running" for the seat since 1969. The reasons Mr. Poff gave for withdrawing were essentially that, win or lose, a) the country would suffer a long divisive battle resulting in b) an intolerable delay in filling the vacancies now existing on the Court and c) in agonizing publicity for his family. Noble-sounding enough, certainly; but, unless it transpires that Mr. Nixon urged him to withdraw (see Cato), there are factual and spiritual loose ends.

Mr. Nixon would like to appoint a Southerner to the Court, a Southerner, of course, who is a strict constructionist: in political terms, a conservative. And the man who meets the qualifications is unlikely, frankly, ever to get the blessing of the NAACP. Assuming, then, that Mr. Nixon sticks to his course, a battle is likely, whether it rages over nominee Poff or nominee someone-else. All of which Mr. Poff was perfectly capable of realizing as he was making his decision to withdraw leaving only the third of the three reasons mentioned above—the desire for privacy—as plausible.

Plausible and *very* understandable, to anyone who has been near, but not fond of, the publicity of politics. Yet if Mr. Poff has wanted to be on the Court he must, if he is worth his salt, have wanted to be on it at least partly for the good he could do for the Court and the country. Which good, apparently, was not as important to him as the privacy of his family. Understandable, as we say, but not, somehow, quite so noble.

Skeletons in the closet? Possibly, but Mr. Poff is a practicing politician, who has surely seen many closet doors opened, some even belonging to Supreme Court nominees. And yet Mr. Poff has been running for the nomination for several years, an unlikely activity for a man who knew he had something to hide.

It's possible that Mr. Poff just doesn't like a good fight. In which case he hardly seems like the man for Nixon who, we hope, will nominate two strict constructionists willing, with their families, to run the gantlet of pressure groups and Senate liberals; who will sacrifice the privacy they enjoy in order to offer their country their judicial services; and who will give Mr. Nixon what may well be the most significant opportunity of his Presidential career, the chance to provide his country with a generation of good law.

One Effect of Attica

The underground press and the New Left press all of a sudden are full of stories about a new radical constituency—the prison population. Yet even as Dave Dellinger was making his way up to the Federal Correctional Institution in Danbury, Connecticut to lead a protest demonstration, there were signs that the slaughter at Attica may have crippled the radical project before it got fully under way.

The events at Attica, for example, were very much on the minds of striking inmates at Norfolk and Walpole prisons in Massachusetts. There were lists of grievances, often legitimate, and "discussions" with authorities—but no "negotiations" and no violence. "We don't want another Attica here, or anywhere else," one inmate at Walpole is quoted as saying. No weapons were brandished and no hostages were seized. The presence of Kunstler and Wicker was not requested.

Tentative conclusions: a) in the long run, the crushing of the revolt at Attica may save a great many lives, and b) Convict Chic may be finished for the time being.

The News Twisters

The argument about bias in the news broadcasts of the major TV networks is now, intellectually speaking, over. Walter Cronkite and Frank Stanton will doubtless air their protests for public consumption, but they are now in the position of Ptolemaicists after the Copernican demonstration.

In *The News Twisters*, just published, *TV Guide* staff-writer Edith Efron has made the necessary empirical demonstration. Her method is straightforward and almost entirely eliminates subjective judgments. She notes that a good deal of opinion—from TV reporters, from politicians, from various kinds of figures in the news and from mere bystanders—comes over the network news broadcasts, and she reasons that if the opinion selected is heavily weighted in one direction the charge of bias is proved.

For her demonstration Miss Efron chose the prime-time 7 P.M. news on CBS, NBC and ABC during the last sixty days of the 1968 Presidential election. She then selected a number of litmus issues: the Nixon-Humphrey race, the bombing-halt issue, the Vietcong, black militants, middle America, liberals, conservatives and violent radicals. She tape-recorded the broadcasts and then transcribed her tapes. This enabled her to isolate pro and con opinion on each of these litmus issues and do a word count.

The results are even more scandalous than might have been anticipated. Listeners to the ABC and NBC news heard nine times as many anti-Nixon words as pro (ABC: 7,493/869); CBS, however, outdid itself: 5,300 against and 320 for. Analogous statistics turn up elsewhere. Where the bombing-halt was concerned, CBS put out 407 words for and 36 against; NBC 814 for and 147 against; ABC 904 words for and 165 against. Again and again comparable ratios turn up on the litmus issues.

Miss Efron's conclusions are irrefutable: "The networks actively opposed the Republican candidate, Richard Nixon, in his run for the Presidency . . . actively favored the Democratic candidate, Hubert Humphrey . . . largely evaded the issue of violent radicals . . . actively slanted their opinion coverage in favor of the black militants and against the white middle-class majority . . . actively slanted their opinion coverage against U.S. policy on the Vietnam war."

Well, as Lenin once inquired, What Is To Be Done? Contrary to their own claims and to the general impres-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Initiative for the withdrawal of Representative Richard Poff (R., Va.) from consideration for the Supreme Court seat vacated by Hugo Black came from the Administration. Poff withdrew his name because of an anticipated fight against confirmation in the Senate, after hints from the White House and the Department of Justice that confirmation couldn't be assured. Poff is still under consideration for an appellate court vacancy and might well be considered for a Supreme Court seat in the future, when the President is in a stronger position.

Poff's troubles began when civil-rights forces announced opposition to his nomination on grounds that he had signed the 1956 Southern manifesto opposing the Supreme Court's desegregation decision. The Administration had anticipated a fight from such activists as Joseph Rauh, but it had not counted on opposition from AFL-CIO President George Meany. Meany, stung by the wage-price freeze, leapt into the fight against Poff.

Difficulties for Poff came also from an ABA vetting committee, which was reported to prefer a sitting judge or a lawyer with longer experience. Administration strategists believed that the warm endorsements of Poff by such House civil-rights stalwarts as Emanuel Celler and William M. McCulloch would do him little good with a hostile Senate. Several Democratic Presidential hopefuls, notably George McGovern and Birch Bayh, were known to be hoping for a chance to make a major issue out of the Poff nomination. It was quite possible that a Poff nomination would have led to a prolonged fight, extending into the 1972 Presidential year and embarrassing the Administration. The President and Attorney General John Mitchell decided therefore, with Poff's agreement, to abandon the nomination.

■ Democratic Party leaders are wrestling with a perennial tough problem: a loyalty oath. Until the recent past, the oath was aimed at insuring support for the national Democratic ticket by recalcitrant Southerners inclined to back a Republican or a third-party conservative, or to sit out the election. Now Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien sees the problem as a different one. Although the potential Wallace backers in the South are one group that might be kept in line by a loyalty oath, the party's left-wing balks at any guarantee of support of the national ticket.

In view of left-wing refusal to be bound to the 1972 candidate, O'Brien now hopes for a compromise that will bind any delegate to the 1972 Convention who does not support its nominee to sit out the election. Such a plan would give the party a kind of negative insurance, but it still faces a series of procedural fights, both within the National Committee and at the Convention. So long as a centrist candidate remains a possibility, the loyalty oath will not make much headway.

■ Administration success in votes on ABM deployment and the F-14 jet fighter can be attributed to two factors: First, Democratic and Republican liberals are increasingly touchy about accusations that they are against a strong national defense posture; second, a pessimistic assessment of the defensive capabilities of the U.S. by a bipartisan group of congressmen has finally begun to receive serious attention. —CATO

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sion, the networks, as Miss Efron points out, are not protected by the First Amendment where bias is concerned. The *New York Times* and NATIONAL REVIEW are entitled to print any opinion they desire, but TV operates under the Fairness Doctrine of the FCC, which has been sanctioned by the Supreme Court and which applies specifically to opinion coverage. The Fairness Doctrine is specific in requiring that representative views on controversial matters be accorded roughly equal treatment by the networks.

Miss Efron has made the required demonstration. Now, let the FCC do its job.

When Is De Facto Really De Jure?

Ruling on a complaint filed by the NAACP and a group of parents, U.S. Judge Stephen J. Roth of Detroit declared that whites have systematically erected barriers to school integration over the years. "Governmental actions and inaction at all levels—federal, state and local—have combined with those of private organizations, such as loaning institutions and real-estate associations and brokerage firms, to establish and maintain the pattern of residential segregation." Accordingly, opined Judge Roth, the Detroit school system is discriminatory, and the whole operation must be altered to achieve racial integration now, even though the Detroit school system is now over 66 per cent Negro and the trend increasingly in that direction. Accordingly, Judge Roth notes, the only way for integration to succeed in the face of a likely white flight to the suburbs, is for the suburbs to be forcibly involved in any integration plan. Whites, Judge Roth is clearly saying, will then get the message that they can't run away from integration; that, in fact, the strong arm of the courts will catch up with them wherever they go, dragging their children back to the city in order to achieve a mathematically predetermined ratio of the races.

The prospects are far-reaching. Detroit will appeal Judge Roth's ruling, and, along with a similar appeal from Pontiac, Michigan, the Supreme Court will no doubt hear it when again at its full nine Justice strength. If the High Court rules that de facto segregation is in fact equivalent to de jure, then—we say—go for a constitutional amendment.

On to 1984

"What is needed is more control, not less." So says Harvard Psychology Professor B. F. Skinner in his new book, *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*. To save society from an ominous, uncertain future, we must get on with "positive controls," meaning manipulation of all men by "controllers," leaders who Know Best. Freedom is folk-

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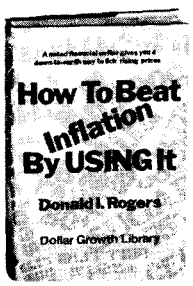

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ABOUT DONALD I. ROGERS...

Don Rogers is a highly-respected economic advisor, author of 10 books, and former Financial Editor of The New York *Herald Tribune*. (He gained national attention during his days at the *Tribune* by incurring President Kennedy's wrath for his part in the scoop of the famous Big Steel price rollback.) Rogers brings to *The Economy Report* more than three decades of on-the-job experience with the fast-changing economy.

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lore, Skinner tells us. The only answer to chaos ("freedom") is Skinnerian order. Like the medieval Church's *Extra ecclesia nulla salus* ("Oustide the Church there is no salvation"), Skinner is saying that it's either his behaviorist system or nothing. Man must abandon freedom or be deprived, literally, of his life.

One of the world's leading behaviorists, inventor of the "Skinner baby box" for training infants, author in 1948 of *Walden Two*, a grimly mechanized utopian semi-novel expounding on the glories of communalism, Skinner holds that all human conduct is but a set of responses to environmental stimuli. There's no such thing as "mind" or "free man." Skinner says it's time for man to surrender his quaint notion of individual rights. An all-pervasive, all-powerful system of behavioral controls (the controllers selected by some process he doesn't specify and restrained from tyranny in some manner he never hints at) will carry man up from his atomistic delusory "freedom" to a truly worthwhile life of order. "Liberty consists in doing what one desires," wrote John Stuart Mill a century ago. Not so, says Skinner: Liberty consists in thinking that one is doing what one desires when actually one has been nicely programmed all along.

Free will is an illusion, freedom is obsolete, order is all. Such is the view of the gentle, aloof, rather conventional-seeming Dr. Skinner. Every idea, no matter how bizarre, eventually crops up at Harvard. The remarkable thing is that Skinner's view is, in so many quarters, received so acquiescently.

In prose too clear to be misunderstood, Dr. Skinner's *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* is already the center of a raging controversy both in and out of psychological circles. Wherever Skinner goes, great crowds of "Do Your Own Thing"-type students applaud wildly. Is it, perhaps, a symptom of the philosophical wasteland of modern American academe, that people can enthusiastically trumpet the glories of absolute, untrammelled, individual self-expression—and simultaneously cheer a book that proposes a system of manipulation so total as to reduce acts of individual choice to mere stage business in a huge prepackaged drama?

Perishable Interviews: The Battle of Rambling Gulp

"In my opinion, the preoration of lewdicrous, prudential and obsequious material in books and plays is a figleaf of the imagination. Opening a Panderer's box merely streetwalks prosecutes. Spreading Haight-Ashbury doesn't help either. For example, a diploma millstone isn't necessarily an albacross. Are you as exturpulated as I am about the Nix Newson and the exonerating obsolescence being sprayed by his new adhesives?"

Thieu's Election in Context

Facts: 1) South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu received more than 91 per cent of the vote in an election in which 2) there was a record voter turnout despite Communist attempts to disrupt the voting, but 3) in visible and doubtless many invisible ways the one-man race was not a model of ideal democratic procedure.

Those who now, on the grounds of 3), are denouncing the Saigon regime as illegitimate and unworthy of U.S. support, are either naive or hypocritical, usually the latter, though it is true that the rhetoric of successive U.S. Administrations—suggesting, intermittently, that we are fighting for "democracy" in Southeast Asia—has provided an excuse for the current spasms of hyperbolic disillusion.

Any viable non-Communist regime in South Vietnam is likely to resemble the nationalist regimes characteristic of underdeveloped and third-world nations during the period following World War II. Sometimes these regimes hold elections; sometimes they do not. Yet they have a common morphology, and are now in fact more numerous than any other form of government.

As in South Vietnam, the power base of the nationalist regime is the army, which has the structure and the administrative skills otherwise lacking in the country—except for the sole rival structure, the Communist Party. The real choice in such countries is between the two rival structures: the nationalist one with its army base, or the Marxist one with its paramilitary base in the party

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Habakuk Shikwane is a Black Capitalist

And so are Richard Maponya, Benjamin Salinda, Ephraim Tshabalala and hundreds of other Bantu in South Africa. Unlike some of his fellow black entrepreneurs who have already made their first million, Mr. Shikwane is still working towards that goal. But at 43 he owns Africa's largest cane furniture plant and will soon be exporting to Europe and the United States.

The Bantu Investment Corporation put Habakuk Shikwane in business. In the past decade it has assisted more than 1,000 other black businesses with direct loans and approximately 2,000 through commercial credits. It has helped establish a large number of bus services, 26 savings banks and anticipates spending a further $145.6 million on black homeland development in the next five years.

The road to independence for South Africa's eight Bantu nations is not reserved for politicians. The Bantu Investment and other corporations are promoting black capitalism in these homelands with direct financial assistance. And private enterprise—South African and foreign—are doing so indirectly through border industries and in the homelands on an agency basis. This is where many Bantu capitalists first acquire their skills.

Further information can be obtained from The Director, South African Information Service, 655 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021.

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and its infrastructure. Since this is in fact the real choice, the issue is not likely to be determined by parliamentary elections. With local variations, the nationalist choice has been made in nation after nation: the Suharto regime in Indonesia coming in to halt Sukarno's drift toward Marxism, the Mobutu regime in the Congo and comparable regimes in a host of other African states, the nationalist regimes in Brazil, Argentina and other Latin American nations, the Nasser-Sadat, Hussein and other regimes in the Middle East, the Papadopoulos and Franco regimes in Greece and Spain. It is not clear from the historical record that such nationalist regimes represent a transitional phase on the way to parliamentary democracy of the English or American type.

The Thieu regime in South Vietnam is clearly an example of this form, and, historically considered, the form must be considered a natural development arising out of its local context. The criteria of judgment—and U.S. support—should be competence, stability, over-all performance, and consonance with U.S. interests, rather than the paradigms of modern Western civics books.

Heath Applies the Brakes

The expulsion of 105 Soviet agents from England was, aesthetically considered, vintage Edward Heath. He does not fudge an issue. Ask the electrical and postal workers. Ask the opponents of medical charges or Common Market entry. Ask those who resist labor law reform. And now ask KGB chief Yuri Andropov. Moreover, if the Soviet Union retaliates in any exaggerated way the British government has let it be known that it has a second list of Soviet diplomats whom it will then declare persona non grata. Heath is willing to go all the way back to Square One.

Placed in its diplomatic context, however, the expulsion has some interesting implications. The timing can have only an incidental relationship to the revelations of the Soviet defector Oleg Lyalin. Rather, it would seem to reflect the Heath government's judgment that any East-West discussion of comprehensive European security matters had best be postponed, perhaps until well along in 1973. This would place such discussion after British entry into the Common Market and after the U.S. Presidential election, which, in turn, would allow the Common Market and NATO nations to enter the discussions with a more fully consolidated position. Both Bonn and Moscow will have to interpret the expulsion of the spies as signaling that Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik* has been proceeding a bit too rapidly for the purposes of Edward Heath's European timetable.

Chilean Notes

The Chilean government decision in effect to confiscate the American copper companies was presaged by *El Mercurio*, the opposition daily, when it reminded Allende in editorials during September that he hadn't lived up to his promise to present "norms" for nationalization. *El Mercurio*, itself threatened by devious government pressures, concludes that there is now complete public and private ignorance concerning the boundaries to which the Allende government is likely to go. *El Mercurio* has also warned against the influx of Cuban, Russian and Vietnamese activists, comparing them with a subterranean flood which undermines the foundations of a city. Allende is terribly displeased with *Mercurio*. . . . Under pressure from the Christian Democratic Party, Allende agreed to look into political discrimination against individual workers, who have complained that non-Marxists are shabbily treated. . . . A great scandal broke when the girl friend of a member of the radical MIR (*Movi-*

"Charge!"

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miento de Isquierda Revolucionaria), frightened by the information she had inadvertently got, went to right-wing Pablo Rodriguez with it. The story is not fully disclosed, but apparently MIR had singled out one hundred (100) Chileans for assassination. What isn't known is whether they were right-wing oppositionists or left-wingers who were insufficiently militant. Allende has been soothing the country, insisting that everything is all right. A clumsy attempt was made to suggest that it was a right-wing plot (shades of Lee Harvey Oswald). . . . Economic pinch has resulted in almost no modern movies coming into the country. . . . Allende, who takes seriously his charisma, and unlike other Marxists isn't afraid to use the Lord's name for high purposes, attended a Te Deum at the Cathedral of Santiago, and contributed: "*Gracias a Dios porque el cobre nos pertenece.*" (Thank God the copper is ours.) Whereupon it rained.

Way Station?

The *N.Y. Times* has taken to recording as they occur the orders and policy statements of the President's Cost of Living Council. Statement Number 27, issued early this month, is an intriguing indicator of the ultimate implications for a free society of the price and wage controls to which the Administration is now committed and which so far have found surprising acceptance by the American business community and, indeed, the general public.

The order in question requires stores and other sellers to show promptly to customers lists of the prices that obtained before the price-wage freeze. If a customer is not satisfied with the list, he should report his dissatisfaction promptly to the nearest office of the Internal Revenue Service. Sellers are "encouraged but not required" to show customers supporting evidence of the prices they charge and how they are calculated—i.e., to open their ledgers and their books to public view. And government investigators, of course, have this right absolutely. They can apparently demand and get from any business just about any information they want as regards prices, costs and profits.

We do not deduce from this bureaucratic snakepit that the U.S. is headed for a kind of Gestapo state under the Administration's so-called New Economic Policy. We do suggest that the most important issue relating to that policy is the one being least debated and understood—namely the interconnection between the maintenance of a free-market economy and human liberty itself. In a market economy the consuming public is protected not by prying government officials but by the fact that competing producers can only make a profit by giving the consumer what he wants. The role of the producer is to meet this acid test—or suffer loss and go under. The crux of the system is the free movement of prices, wages, profits, interest rates etc. within a monetary framework which admittedly the government must construct. But construction of such a framework is something quite different from governmental control and surveillance of the economic process itself.

In temporarily freezing prices and wages the Administration made a long and fateful departure from basic libertarian principles. We are told that in Phase II, when the freeze is lifted, things will be better and maybe they will be. The President, burnt once by his wartime experience in the OPA, has made plain that he wants no vast bureaucratic machinery to control all prices and wages. On the other hand, he wants controls that have "teeth" in them. The result will be a mish-mash. The government will formulate general price-wage policy. But large discretion will be left to administrative boards that will move into this or that industry at will. The glittering promise is that controls can be "tough but flexible."

But how tough and how much flex? The fact is that neither government officials nor representatives of business, labor and consumers can possibly know what a specific price should be in a trillion-dollar dynamic economy. The further fact is that controls, whether general or selective, do not get at the basic problems of the economy—namely monetary inflation, combined with unemployment directly caused by misconceived minimum-wage laws and the overweening power of monopoly unionism. That monopoly power apparently is to go untouched and remain untouchable.

The great danger is that in the name of conquering inflation and unemployment the U.S. will drift permanently into a control system that though technically run by government is in fact run and dominated by organized special interests—big labor, business and, of course, farmers who will keep their price props—what Mussolini called the "corporate state" and what Walter Lippmann once described as the "polity of the pressure groups." Once before, though in very different circumstances, the U.S. tried this form of social organization when Franklin Roosevelt inaugurated the National Recovery Administration (NRA) whose symbol was the blue eagle.

In that experiment labor, business and other interests were all supposed to get together patriotically to lift the country out of crisis. Fortunately for all concerned the Supreme Court struck down that monstrosity. Today Mr. Nixon has no Supreme Court that would dare do such a thing. The country has only his promise that controls will be a "way station" on the road back to free markets. We hope he does not linger at that way station much longer.

Liturgical Mess

Via Media now has three lanes: The General Convention of the Episcopal Church has, for all practical purposes, interred the Book of Common Prayer which, without significant alteration, has served for over three centuries as the uniform liturgy of the Anglican Communion, by authorizing for trial use (a distinction likely to prove

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without a difference) three new eucharistic rites. Since each rite in turn allows for the use of a number of variations, each parish will be able to pick and choose among a dozen or more different orders of service.

Roman Catholics have long since despaired of finding a familiar liturgy in the next diocese, much less another country. Now Episcopalians can share in the confusion. Exit *common* prayer.

The Prayer Book's language is universally and justly admired everywhere in the English-speaking world and, like the King James version of the Bible, is part of the heritage we all share, regardless of persuasion. The majestic phrases and stately cadence of the Prayer Book, which have sustained and inspired generations of Anglicans, have now been laid to rest in the name of—you guessed it—"relevance." One of the new rites prescribes nothing more than a short eucharistic prayer, leaving the rest to be filled in as you go. This rite, the Standing Liturgical Commission explains, is in response to those who desire to experience worship "as an intimate personal and group happening." Like Woodstock.

On the positive side, a group of saner Episcopalians, determined to fight back, has organized the Society for the Preservation of the Book of Common Prayer, taking for their motto a line from Richard Hooker: "Though for no other cause, yet for this; that posterity may know we have not loosely through silence permitted things to pass away as in a dream." Amen.

Mr. Justice Harlan Retires

In recent years, as we all know, there has been an element of opinion in the Supreme Court whose members considered it the privilege of the Court to use the general and imprecise language of the Constitution to enact a legislative program in accordance with the concepts of public policy entertained as of the moment by a majority of the Court. Justice Black was the veteran and, following the advent of Chief Justice Warren, the successful leader of that element. By a remarkable coincidence his resignation was followed six days later by that of Justice Harlan, the (by and large) unsuccessful leader of that school of thought within the Court which conceived it to be its duty to function as a court; that is to say, to follow precedent and in exceptional circumstances only, to overrule precedent in order to put policy concepts into effect.

To be a great dissenter was in some respects an odd climax for the career of Justice Harlan. From the time he became a student at Princeton, perhaps since his birth, he had been a member of the Establishment in the most valid sense of that expression. His grandfather, for whom he was named, had been, as he was to become, a Justice of the Supreme Court; his father, a prominent citizen of Chicago. But his grandfather also had frequent occasion to dissent from majority decisions, and his father was defeated the two times he was the reform candidate for the office of Mayor of Chicago. His inheritance was thus of intelligence and character, but not of conformity.

He was brought up in an atmosphere of love and affection, but definitely not of permissiveness. At Princeton, as editor of the college newspaper, he was a big man on campus; thereafter he went to Oxford and studied law. On his return to the United States he caught the admiring attention of the late Emory R. Buckner, a leading trial lawyer of that era and for several years United States Attorney. What won Mr. Buckner's admiration, and that of others, was Harlan's ability, his sense of duty, his tireless capacity for hard work, his lack of affectation and a dry and whimsical sense of humor. Upon Mr. Buckner's retirement, Harlan became head of litigation for his firm, a large one, and practiced as a leading trial lawyer until his appointment to the Court, a practice broken by service during the War in Great Britain and France with the Eighth Air Force.

One feature of Justice Harlan's career was different from that of many, if not almost all, distinguished men —he never aroused jealousy. No slighting remarks were made as he achieved honors and rewards; these were not resented, but recognized as his due.

The climax of this success story was, or was supposed to be, his appointment to the Court. But fate gave an unforeseen twist to the final chapter. He found himself plunged among a group of eccentrics who, cut off from information other than such as might be found in the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, even from that association with the public so essential to sound legislation, were determined to force upon the country their own ideas of policy, in particular in the field of criminal procedure. Few of his colleagues had trial experience; none, experience in any way comparable to his. More reasonable men might have made use of that experience, but not idealists functioning in an ivory tower. Justice Harlan dissented repeatedly from these novel rules in exhaustive opinions. Despite his warnings and his invocation of contrary precedents, the Court prescribed impractical and unworkable rules for the conduct of trials; the result has been chaos, if not collapse, in the administration of criminal justice. As of the present time

Get Out While We're Ahead

The mark, she is rising; the guilder is up,
And Tokyo's tearfully passing the cup.
In Paris, the government's raising a stench,
But that's because all the officials are French.
How odd to be putting America first;
How novel to think we should be reimbursed.
My goodness, my ganglia cells are agog!
But please, Mr. Connally, don't be a hog.

W. H. von Dreele

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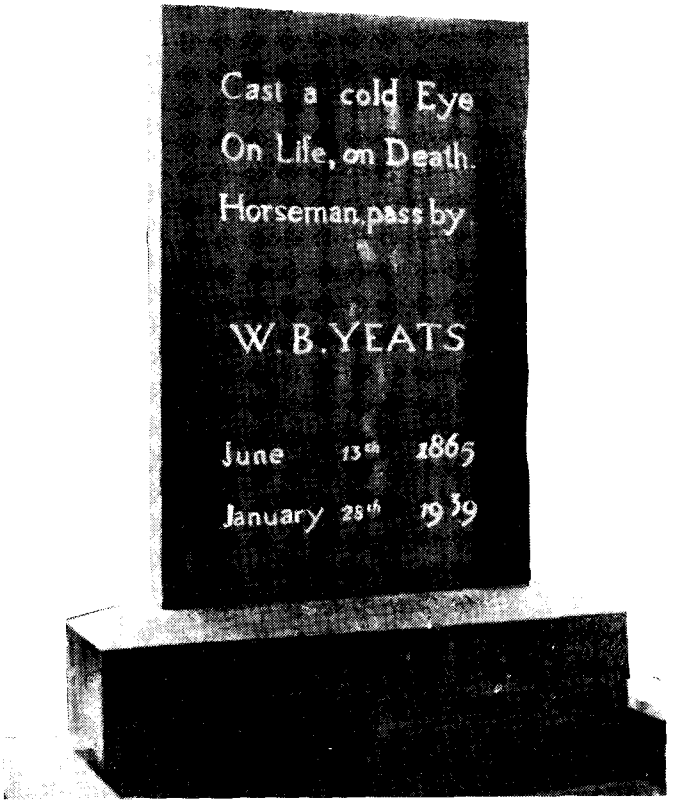
one can only say that Justice Harlan's efforts failed.

Yet Justice Harlan was not unhappy on the Court. Undoubtedly he would have enormously preferred to have seen his views prevail; undoubtedly he was distressed by the views and activities of some of his colleagues. But he usually had company in his dissents; the necessity of writing elaborate dissenting opinion was not too much of a burden to one accustomed to duty and hard work; the issues involved were the most important with which his profession was faced; the dissenting opinions were published in the court reports, perhaps to be read and acted upon in a more rational age. Yet Chief Justice Burger, who visited him daily during his illness, will grievously miss him. And the President will have, to put it mildly, difficulty in finding a replacement of equal merit. —C. D. WILLIAMS

Notes & Asides



■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

One misty Saturday afternoon driving from Dromahair to Mullaghmore to get lobsters for Sunday lunch, I stopped at a small grave yard at the foot of Ben Bulben, and made several snapshots, one of which is enclosed. Yeats' epitaph was as enigmatic to me as it was to Gene Tunney, who asked you to explain the epitaph [see *Cruising Speed*]. Since that time, I have asked countless people if they knew the true meaning, and no one has known. I am delighted to know that, courtesy of Hugh Kenner, you can tell me. Cordially,

Jay T. Saunders
Memphis, Tennessee

■ July 20, 1970

Dear Gene:

I asked my friend Hugh Kenner, the distinguished critic and scholar, and of course he had the answer.

Cast a cold eye
On life, on death.
Horseman, pass by.

In the eighteenth century it had become habitual to moralize in one's epitaph, especially to the effect that passersby should meditate on their mortality. The most typical formulation was, *Siste, Viator.* I.e., Stay, traveler: and consider your transience on earth.

But when Jonathan Swift came along, he decided to take the maxim one step further and invite passersby to meditate on the extraordinary accomplishments of Jonathan Swift: i.e., they should pause to consider not only their transience on earth, but also the good uses to which some people, notably J. Swift, had put their days on earth. So, his exhortation to the traveler was not to linger at the graveside, but to busy himself doing good deeds. *Abi, Viator, et imitare si poteris* . . . Go, traveler, and imitate me (if you can . . .).

Now William Butler Yeats, on his deathbed, musing on the evolution of the epitaph, decides that he will moralize to the effect that passersby shouldn't moralize: i.e., that they should be preoccupied neither by their transiency, nor by the meaning of life. However, he concludes that it would be condescending to enjoin this lesson upon aristocrats; they know it already. "Horsemen" are aristocrats, in the old usage: i.e., those who could afford to come on horseback as opposed to on foot, or by chartered bus. Whence,

Cast a cold eye
On life, on death.
Horseman, pass by.

He might appropriately have added:

Translation available from
Hugh Kenner, University of California
Send one dollar
Horsemen, half price.

My best as ever, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You speak of epitaphs in *Cruising Speed*. Did you catch Al Capp's radio show on the subject? I enclose a copy.

Larry May
122 Beacon Street, Boston

TRANSCRIPT: *Al Capp Show*

A leading national magazine recently published a photograph of the gravestone of a GI killed in action in Vietnam. The GI's family had an antiwar slogan inscribed on

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the stone. The magazine itself commented on the caption, "For what?"

Millions of Americans saw that photo . . . and got the message.

At about the same time, another GI, a helicopter pilot, was also killed in action and brought home for burial in New Hampshire. I will not mention either of these young heroes' names . . . let them rest in peace.

The family of the helicopter pilot had these words by John Stuart Mill inscribed on the casket:

"War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things. The decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing is worth a war is worse. A man who has nothing which he cares about more than his personal safety is a miserable creature and has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself."

No national magazine gave its millions of readers the message of that other family's feelings about defending their country. Liberal-dominated media give us only the news which will keep liberals dominating.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As a Merchant Marine officer who escaped from Yugoslavia in late 1967, I have come to witness and visualize on a personal basis those values and institutions about which I had read before my escape. I came to firmly believe that the United States is the only place on earth where one could work toward and reach success.

After having entertained occasional dialogues with individuals on many current topics, I was accused of having been a member of the richer classes and likewise a conservative and member of the Establishment and consequently unable to understand the grievances of the poor and underprivileged.

In contrast to accusers' expectations, I myself was poor and underprivileged. Being unable to speak English, upon my arrival in this country in late 1967, I held jobs as a dishwasher and as a handyman, earning $48 a week, living over several thousand miles away from my family and friends. Do you think that I could have been more poor and underprivileged than that?

As if I hadn't enough hardships, I can also say that I was drafted while not even being a citizen in the United States.

Nevertheless, I answered the call of the nation, which gave me a home and a chance to more than just survive. Being in the service, I took the often-overlooked opportunity to further my education offered me by the United States Army. Today, while still in the service, I find myself as a student of the University of Alaska, hoping to complete a major in political science, in as short a time as possible.

Upon my return to New York within a few months, where I expect to complete my formal education, I am looking forward to discuss and work with people who share common ideas and beliefs. Can you tell me who they are and where they can be found? I trust that my plea for your guidance will not be ignored, as it has been by many of my fellow students. Respectfully,

Vasily Kregar
SP4, 078-44-1413
B. Co 33 Sig. Bn
APO Seattle 98749

Dear Mr. Kregar: You should communicate with the Young Americans for Freedom, 1221 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D.C. 20005 —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

While reading Whittaker Chambers' book, *Witness*, I came upon a paragraph in which Mr. Chambers evaluated the government documents passed to him while he was a member of the Communist underground.

His words (from Chapter Eight) seem to be echoed in your "Secret Papers" hoax and are as follows:

"Yet I was in the curious position of agreeing with Bykov [Chambers' superior in the underground] about the value of the material, but for different reasons. In the early days, out of curiosity, I read Hiss', White's, and Wadleigh's documents. I quickly gave it up and seldom glanced at them afterwards. I concluded that political espionage was a magnificent waste of time and effort—not because the sources were holding back; they were pathetically eager to help—but because the secrets of foreign offices are notoriously overrated. There was little about political espionage, it seemed to me, that an intelligent man, who knew the forces, factors and general direction of history in our time, could not arrive at by using political imagination, backed by a careful study of the available legitimate facts."

Mr. Chambers then went on to say that the real danger these men presented was that they were in high positions in government from which they could significantly influence government policies. Very truly yours,

Eugene A. Wesley
Easton, Pa.
—WFB

The Supremes

I pray, as Mr. Nixon nudges
The Senate to confirm his judges,
He'll resolutely be defiant
Against the clamor for "a giant."
A person with a predilection
For constitutional conviction
Is really all that I require:
I've had my fill of "something higher."
To Warren, I'd prefer a pygmy.
I like the average . . . you dig me?
With what's left of the Constitution,
I'll settle for a Lilliputian.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM GREECE

Why the Fuss?

JAMES BURNHAM

KALYMNOS—Tastes differ about foreign countries, just as about cars, paintings, dogs and other complex essences. You adore France, and I find it greedy; Jerry wouldn't spend a vacation anywhere but in Ireland, and Jim is bored stiff there; Mr. A is sure Japan is the country of the future, but Mr. B has put his money on Brazil. Lack of agreement about Greece is therefore normal, but the scope of the public argument over Greece that has gone on continuously since the Colonels took power in April 1967 is in several ways puzzling.

For one thing, the allegedly factual accounts given of the current situation differ so radically that they seem to be describing different places. In the anti accounts we read of a fascist police state that is wrecking the country. The pro accounts tell us about a relatively mild, benign and generally approved temporary dictatorship that has pulled Greece back from near-collapse and has got her moving rapidly ahead. The anti accounts are the more familiar, since those have prevailed in the non-Greek media. But on a one-man one-vote basis I imagine the pro account would win: An increase of nearly 50 per cent annually in tourism can hardly be a sign of mass dislike. However, there are well-informed men of good will on both sides of the debate.

All in the Family

I am not an expert on Greece. I visited Greece in December 1966, a few months before the Colonels took over; again, in the autumn of 1968 at the time of the referendum on the new (and so far quiescent) constitution; and I now write at the end of a month in Attica, the islands, and the Peloponnesus. I have read a fair amount, and listened. With due modesty from these modest qualifications, I nevertheless feel I understand why there is such an extreme divergence in opinions about Greece.

In Greece family has always played a major role in politics; political parties and political office have been thought of as a form of property. Office has meant prestige, privilege, monetary benefit, jobs and contracts for relatives, friends and connections. The governing elite has been partly drawn from, and partly constituted, an upper class linked to lawyers, university professors, journalists, intellectuals and artists. Many members of the elite were educated in British, French or (more lately) American universities. They speak several languages besides Greek, are more or less cosmopolitan in outlook, and are acquainted with Western literature and art. They have friends in West European countries and America, often colleagues with whom they have worked in university faculties, at conferences and in diplomacy, or have played with at international gathering spots.

In Greece as in other nations, this sort of elite finds the democratic process a favorable environment for gaining and holding social power. If things get too troubled, such an elite can accept, or even arrange, a dictatorship to clear the mess up, so long as it is understood by all sides that the dictatorship is to be short-term, and will not interfere with the elite's dominant social position.

Things in Greece *were* getting very mixed up in 1966-67, and were pushing rather close to political chaos. It was impossible to form a stable, effective government; politics was taking to the streets, with almost daily riots that gave officially outlawed Communists a chance to move in and forward. By April of 1967 it was clear that what lay ahead along the parliamentary course was a coalition including the ENA party that fronted for the Communists. It should perhaps be recalled that there are few Greek families that did not have fathers, brothers or cousins killed, maimed, kidnaped and often enough tortured by Communists in the civil war less than a full generation ago. Most ordinary Greeks are not quite as casual as American professors about Communism.

So some sort of coup to forestall the parliamentary - democratic breakdown was on the agenda. This was widely recognized. A group of the right people were in fact preparing one along traditional lines: a coup by well-born generals who would do the necessary, work with the King, and keep the government machinery in the hands of the elite. But then, a few days before the generals were planning to move, these obscure Colonels, emerging suddenly out of nowhere, struck first, and took over so quickly and effectively that no one even got killed. A shabby, unheroic sort of revolution indeed, with no blood shed!

Snopesian Colonels

The Colonels and their friends are not members of the old elite. Many of them are small-town or village types, provincial in outlook, very religious, moral in the old-fashioned sense, suspicious of intellectuals and other city slickers. They have traveled little, known few foreigners, and speak no foreign languages; even their Greek, I am told, is the inelegant country dialect that is laughed at in Athenian salons. And in their system of priorities several of the democratic axioms, in particular free speech, do not rank very high.

The coming of the Colonels meant that a new crowd was moving in. The newcomers, who lacked governmental expertise, were ready and anxious that some individuals from the old crowd should stay aboard, but in their judgment it was precisely the old crowd, its standards, ideas and way of life, that had made the mess. So a good many of the old crowd soon found themselves thrown out of office, privilege and influence, or eased out; and some of the old crowd found themselves in prison or exile, along with the Communists. And the journalists found they had to watch their verbal steps.

Now suppose you were an American or West European journalist, teacher, editor or intellectual trying to get the word on the Greek situation. Where would that word be coming from? In great part, inevitably, from the verbalists of the old crowd. How could it be otherwise? They are the people you have met, read, made friends of, corresponded with, seen at meetings and conferences. They talk, literally, your language, or a language you have in common. They share your outlook and

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system of values. They are, in short, your kind of people.

Is it not self-evident what kind of account of the Colonels' Greece you will get from them? And it will not be, not necessarily at any rate, a deliberately false or malicious account. It will, however, be a selective account, along a special perspective: the perspective of the Outs who want to get back In.

Under all governments, of course, there are Outs who want to be Ins; and democratic rules give them a chance to be. What the Greek Outs—one section, at least, of the old governing elite—have begun to fear is that they are going to lose that chance if the Colonels' regime lasts much longer. Since they haven't themselves got the strength and popular backing to oust the Colonels, they are trying to get the United States to do the job for them. That, in summary, is what the current game is all about.

The old crowd, or some of them, really have been hurt, and have lost a lot. A few of them, apparently, have even been tortured—though what seems torture to a politician or intellectual may not be much more than what a peasant or worker would take as routine police brutality. So the old crowd cannot be "blamed" for its account of the regime. The account is true, after its fashion. And it is the more persuasive because it fits in with our own prevailing ideological presuppositions: the extreme value we assign to free speech, for example, and our wish to find our enemy on the Right. And I think some of us use Greece as a convenient whipping-boy for working off more global frustrations.

The pro account is more difficult to come by, and more awkward to adjust to accepted patterns. It must be assembled patiently from what can be gleaned from the non-verbalizers, or directly observed, or inferred from impersonal facts and statistics. The *Economist*, in a special study a couple of months ago, presented many of the figures. These indicated that under the Colonels' regime so far, the mass of the people who belong to neither the old crowd nor the new, have been doing fairly well: a GNP growth as high as any in the West (though from an initially low base); unemployment very low, and decreasing; wages up substantially; inflation less than any of the major nations; a big construction program pushed or sponsored by the government—roads, hotels, utilities etc.; the enormous expansion of tourism. The major weakness, the *Economist* believes, is in the failure to attract new foreign investment on the scale needed by a relatively poor and underdeveloped country. That failure is related, undoubtedly, to the anti account publicized by the Outs and their communicants.

No Rumblings

It does not follow that "the people" (Outs aside) are enthusiastic about the regime. There is no objective way to judge that accurately, though it seems widely believed that in an entirely free vote an Athenian majority would probably be against, and the provinces overwhelmingly for. There are no signs, either in close-hand observation or analysis from afar, that the people are severely discontented. There would be many ways in which severe discontent could and would be shown, but none of these is present, except in some of the more fanciful dispatches of some foreign journalists. To my query how the government was doing, a French-speaking worker in Rhodes answered with a shrug that seemed cheerful enough, "*Ça va, ça va,*" and I think he meant just that—"Not too badly; things go along." Greeks have had a long experience with governments.

Certainly the Colonels' government is not a political democracy, though it could be argued that it is socially more democratic in a populist sort of way than the regime it replaced. In a conversation I had with him, the new minister of information made a strong case for the proposition that today's Greece is at any rate more democratic than any other nation in the Mediterranean basin except for Italy, Israel and France (and France is not really a Mediterranean country). But the Colonels' regime does restrict freedom of speech and assembly; it has had no free election; it has held persons by administrative action, and in other ways violated due process.

However, it is ridiculous to call today's Greece a "totalitarian" or "fascist police state." Only an ideologue, an embittered out-of-office politician, or the misinformed could seriously believe so in the age that has produced the genuine totalitarian article. Greeks, ordinary Greeks, are impulsive, casual and not a little anarchic in their observable behavior. Anyone who stays here a while and watches them in operation can see that they don't act like victims of a police state, and can see also that there is no apparatus to run a police state properly even if the Colonels wanted to. There has been no attempt to organize the masses into the typical and essential fascist type of "movement." How could a fascist state permit hundreds of thousands of its citizens to work abroad, free to come and go at times of their choosing? In fact, Greek geography is in itself enough to prevent Greece from going totalitarian. Greece's territory includes thousands of islands, with tens of thousands of boats and ships; the mainland is broken up by irregular mountains into hundreds of semi-isolated localities. With that sort of physical infrastructure, you can have, and Greece has often had, a dictatorship of sorts, but there isn't anything for fascism to latch on to.

Whatever its exact degree of non-democracy, it is a subversion of language to apply to the Greek regime the terms used to describe the regimes of Nazism and Communism. □

Lindsay for President?

I may be artofficial but
I know what I like. A little mut
Ation's goo for the spine.
And what's a man not true to all his fine
Principulls and pushes?
If wushes
Were horses carpetbeggars would ride out
Any conventional endorsement for say, four years. Just hide out
In your last resort town of *Cliché-Sur-l'Hudson*; nay,
Preside, as ersatzar supposed to,
With mind and eye all snug and closed to
Traffic, crime and drugs and smog
Too thick to see the dog
Gone traces of the UN
Curbed, ungoverned, and unFun
Citied fakiridescent charm.
So turn the gilded sprinkler on the swarm
Of dried-up root
Ing sections and watch oh watch the little astroturfanatics hoot.

JOHANNES EFF

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VIETNAM JOURNAL

A trained observer looks at the records,
and talks to the soldiers themselves. His conclusion:
War crimes occur, but not as part of a "systematic policy";
they're bound to, when military justice is even more lenient than civilian

U.S. Crimes in Vietnam

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

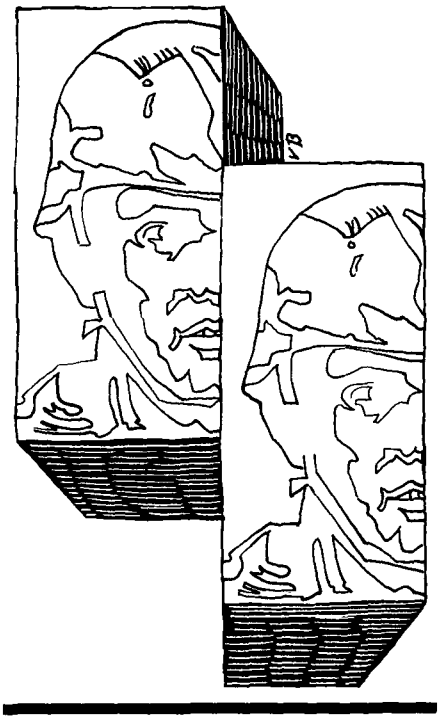
I WENT to Vietnam well aware that I would not be able to observe individual war crimes. Those who commit them do not invite observers. Systematic crimes, on the other hand, can be observed. There is no way of hiding them, and since those who perpetrate them seldom think of what they do as criminal, they do not make efforts to prevent observation. My conclusion —and it can only be based on impressions—is that individual war crimes are no more—or less—frequent than in Korea, but are far better publicized.

I was able to observe a few things that helped me reach tentative conclusions. I learned what our soldiers thought, and what observers thought who had been in Vietnam for a long time and speak Vietnamese. I looked into the records of investigations and into innumerable reports, both in Saigon and in the various firebases and outposts I visited.

I went to a number of firebases by helicopter, after visiting the regional commanders at their headquarters. I would talk with the base commander, and upon my request he would assemble a group of between twenty and forty men at random. In one group noncommissioned officers were included; in the others they were excluded, so that all the men were privates of various grades.

I spoke with several groups of men whose job was to scramble from helicopters into the jungle to find out what the enemy was up to, possibly by bringing back some prisoners for interrogation. They volunteered for these tasks. I was awed by their courage. You get a little nervous when a vehicle you are in is shot at, even when it wobbles suspiciously.

After making clear my purely informational interest and giving them assurances of anonymity, I would question the soldiers to find out their attitudes and, as much as possible, their behavior in the relevant situations. I usually did succeed, even though the time was short, in getting the men to speak freely and without much prompting. As a sociologist and a psychoanalyst I believe myself reasonably able to ask questions so that the answers tell me what I want to know. I think I am able to detect when the respondent doesn't want me to know something, regardless of whether he is aware of it. It seems most unlikely that the men I talked with all lied to me, or omitted important matters, or were untypical.



I would start by asking how many had assisted in interrogating prisoners; or in capturing them; or in transporting them; and I then would ask for descriptions of what happened, often asking all kinds of additional questions, without indicating my purpose. I would ask what they would do with wounded VC, or those who had killed a buddy; whether they took any trophies from dead enemies and what these might be; what they had observed others do; how they told a civilian from a combatant. (This was easy for them since they worked on the ground, and largely in enemy territory: the enemy was armed, and actually shooting at them, or in places far from human habitation and roads.) I would ask them whether they had seen others do anything they thought was wrong; whether they had seen it in different units. And I would ask them to tell me what they thought one legitimately might or might not do; whether they thought they were hamstrung; what they felt we ought to do with the enemy; finally, what they considered wrong—what they regarded as war crimes. The answer to the last question testified to the effectiveness of Army indoctrination. It was always: shooting a prisoner and shooting at anyone other than the enemy.

I would conclude by asking what, given the facts as reported by the papers and briefly described by me, they thought should be done with Lt. Calley; and what they would have done had he ordered them to do what he was accused of ordering his men to do.

I cannot believe that these men were able to deceive me about their true at-

Ernest van den Haag journeyed to Indochina this spring to investigate U.S. war crimes. This article is one of two excerpts NR *will publish from the resulting book, which will be published in early 1972 by Stein & Day.*

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titudes or behavior spontaneously or by being drilled. There was no selection. Nobody knew that I was to come except the commanding general. Neither he nor anyone else knew that I would want to talk with the men, let alone what I would ask them. My questions were such that the men could guess only toward the end that I was interested in war crimes. The questions tended to bring out shammed or inconsistent attitudes—which are hard to display, consistently anyway, for a group of people, particularly when unprepared. I also had occasion to speak with smaller groups of privates, and occasionally with one man—selected by me —at a time.

I was told of two cases where a soldier had cut off the ear of a dead enemy. I asked why. "To brag" to his buddies, was the answer. And what happened to the ear? After having bragged he threw it away. Do many do this? No, in each case it was reported as a single and exceptional instance. "How do you feel about it?" "Stupid" was the answer, and in one case, "disgusting." "Well, but don't the VC do things like that?" "They do worse; but we are Americans."

They complained bitterly about the treacherousness and the fanaticism of the VC (on the VC side one would call it high morale) although this varied by regions. Some said that the VC gave up easily once contact was made. I was regaled with elaborate tales about injured VC, already on helicopters, who had used hidden weapons, or had been willing to blow up helicopters and themselves along with them.

None of the men I spoke with had attended any but on-the-scene interrogations. None had seen prisoners shot or tortured. One soldier demonstrated to me how a prisoner had been threatened through the interpreter—successfully, he told me. As for wounded enemies, the men were unanimous in saying that they were helped and sent to the rear. They all insisted on the importance of prisoners for interrogation.

In the Americal Division, but also elsewhere, prejudice against the Vietnamese ran high. They were accused of failure to understand that we are "fighting to help them"; and of "treacherousness." Treacherousness included anything—from infection with venereal disease to ambushes and failure to announce the presence of VC. They were "stupid" because they stubbornly returned to locations made dangerous by military operations, from which they had been evacuated.

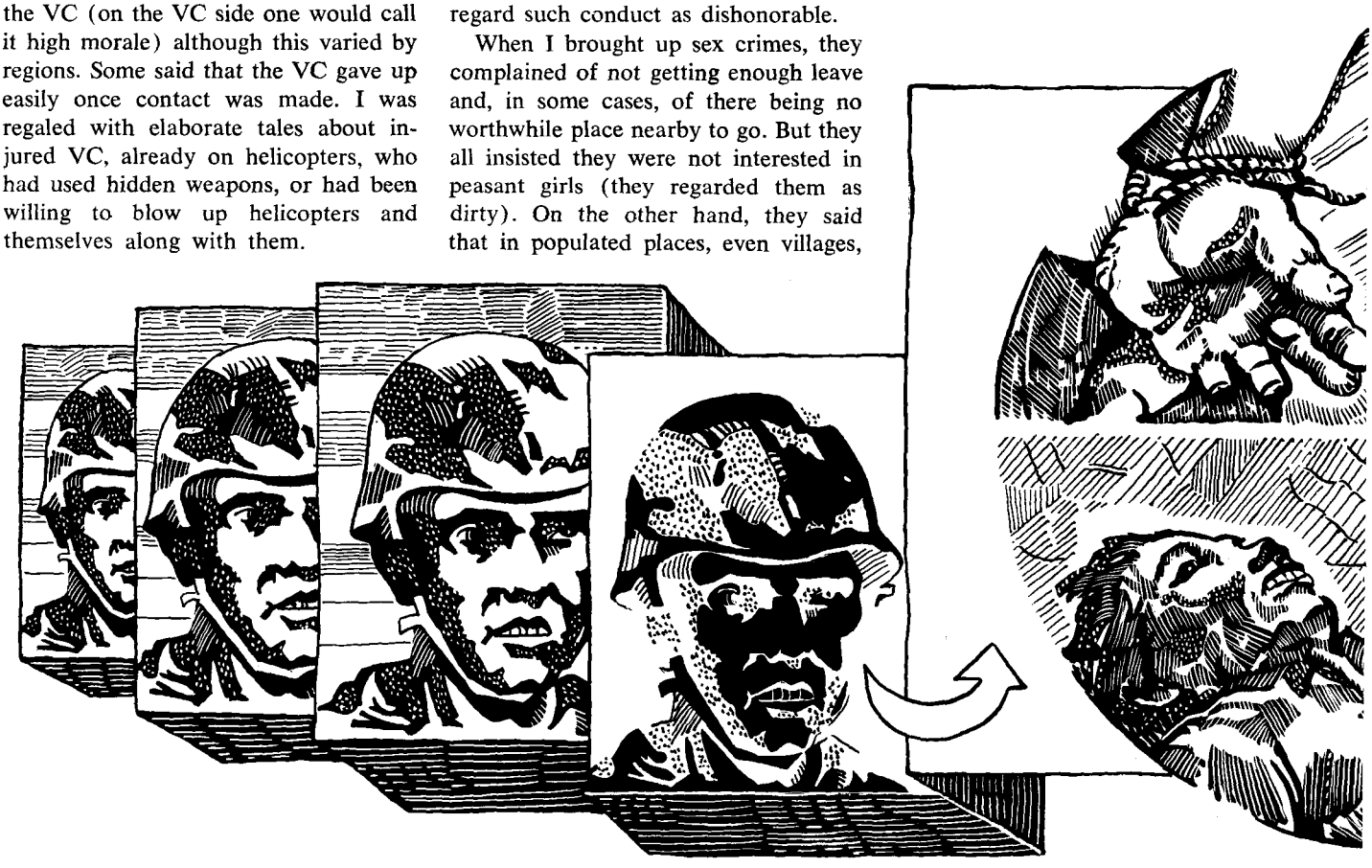
But despite my gentle pushing—I came as near to entrapment as one might come in a friendly conversation —none of the soldiers suggested that he had seen violence (as distinguished from roughness) used outside combat, or against nonmilitary targets. My impression is that the men I talked to were proud of their combat role and would regard such conduct as dishonorable.

When I brought up sex crimes, they complained of not getting enough leave and, in some cases, of there being no worthwhile place nearby to go. But they all insisted they were not interested in peasant girls (they regarded them as dirty). On the other hand, they said that in populated places, even villages, girls were usually available. There was no excuse for rape, as they saw it.

I brought up various rumors I had heard about the torture of suspects, rape and murder of peasant girls, torture by electricity etc. Some had heard such rumors too, especially of torture by electricity done by the South Vietnamese. None had seen anything himself. These were not soldiers attached to interrogation centers, but their testimony indicates, at the least, that those things do not usually happen in American-controlled areas, or in combat situations.

Contrary to what I had expected, the soldiers I talked with in advanced combat outposts professed to have no difficulty in distinguishing between friend and foe. They said this had been a problem in the past when areas controlled by the enemy were to be conquered and it was hard to tell peasants from VC. Now, it was a matter of securing continued control and defending the area against enemy attacks. The enemy was identified easily as the person shooting at them. The era of search-and-destroy missions and of body counts was over.

What about being shot at from some village without being able to say exactly from which house? How about



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calling in air support or artillery? Here obvious changes have occurred. I have no reason to disbelieve the many reports of indiscriminate bombing and shelling based on questionable evidence of hostility and insufficient attempts to locate precisely its origin. Attempts to make areas inhospitable for guerrillas by bombing, burning houses, evacuating populations, killing cattle were all too frequent. VC were identified simply as whoever was where—according to military orders and plans—nobody was supposed to be. But the military orders often were not understood by the local population and arrangements for evacuation were often insufficient. In many cases the buck was pased from one military bureaucracy to the other—the "buck" being the people to be evacuated. But the men I spoke with knew about such matters as I did—from reports about the past.

Present policy (and some seemed bitter about it) makes it hard to get artillery or air support, unless enemy troops can be pinpointed or an American unit finds itself in serious danger. Shooting from a house does not lead to a mortar attack unless there is more than sniper fire, I was told; and certainly not in a village where other houses would suffer. Officers of all grades assured me that these are the currently followed rules. That these rules are actually carried out was confirmed by the complaints of the men, who felt that they could use more help from artillery and planes.

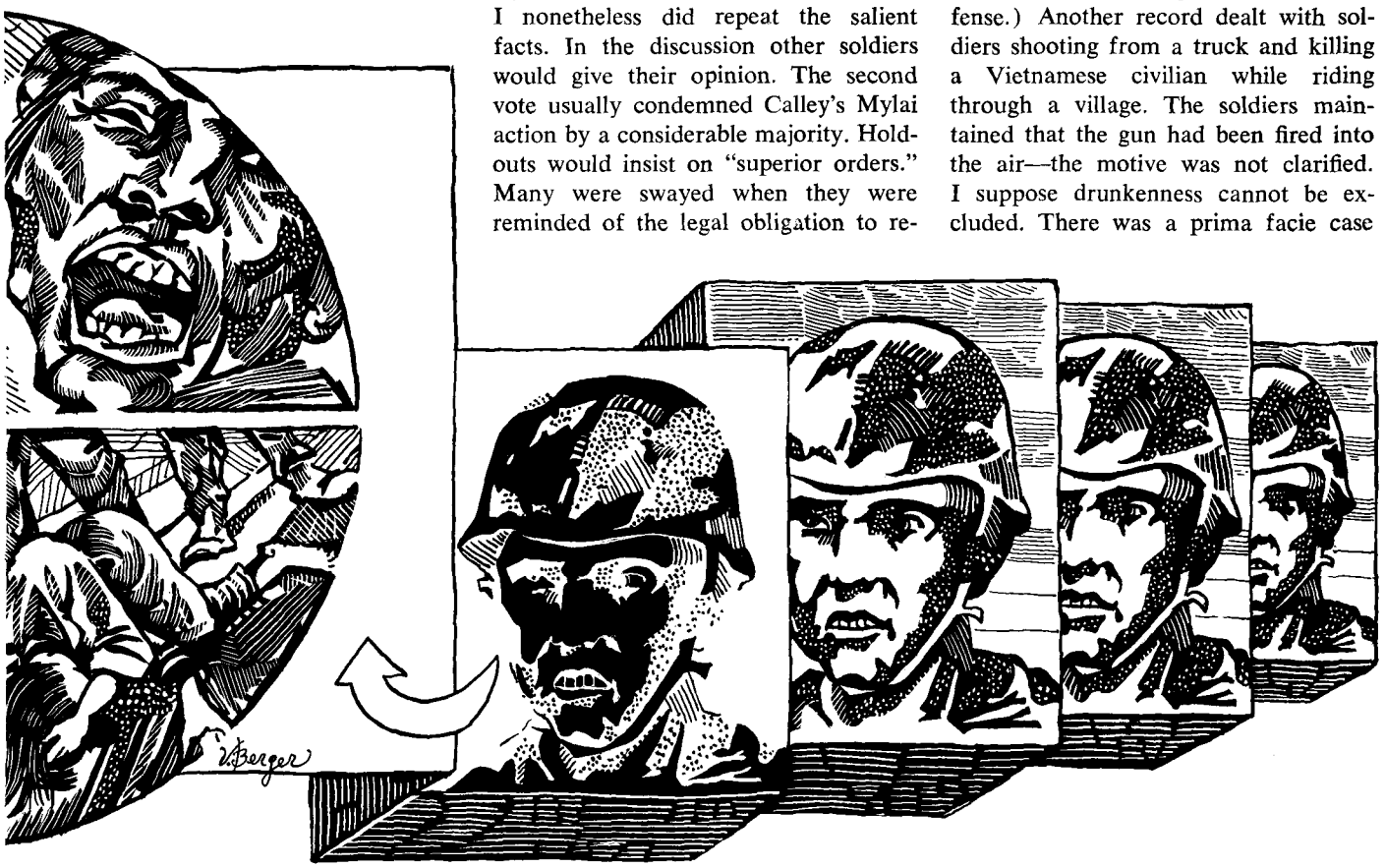
Controls obviously have been tightened—which is not to say that the excesses of a different, less cautious past policy may not be long remembered, and even be publicly discussed as though still current. But the distinction between current and past policies should be kept firmly in mind. The military have learned. The Nixon policy, carried out by General Abrams, differs from the Johnson-Westmoreland policy. It certainly is an improvement.

Calley, Crimes, Cruelty

About the Calley case, the soldiers were divided: Some resisted believing the facts. I had to force them to assume for the sake of discussion what I regarded as established. About half the soldiers decided in their first vote that Calley had committed a crime. The other half—evidently feeling solidarity with a fellow soldier—insisted that they could not decide without more facts, specifically without knowing what command pressure there had been on Calley. Careful not to influence the vote, I nonetheless did repeat the salient facts. In the discussion other soldiers would give their opinion. The second vote usually condemned Calley's Mylai action by a considerable majority. Holdouts would insist on "superior orders." Many were swayed when they were reminded of the legal obligation to resist illegal orders, though the usual objections were made, and overcome only when the deliberate shooting of infants was stressed. Even so about 10 per cent refused outright to condemn Calley and another 15 per cent refused to vote.

It is hard to believe that the soldiers would condemn something they would themselves do, or something they regard as routine or usual. I did, of course, question them carefully on this point. Not even those most ready to exculpate Calley thought his action was anything but extraordinary. My experience persuaded me that individual war crimes are exceptions in the same sense as crimes in peace are, that they are not supported by the rank and file, and that the difficulty in investigating and prosecuting these crimes is created by public relations-conscious officers, and by the creakiness of the military justice machinery—not by the soldiers, or by the frequency of the crimes.

In some outposts I was permitted to look over investigative and judicial reports. Other outposts said they had no judicial records available. One record I saw dealt with the alleged torture of a prisoner by a lieutenant. The court found the evidence insufficient. The accused admitted a threat but not an act of torture. (I did not think the prosecution had been as vigorous as the defense.) Another record dealt with soldiers shooting from a truck and killing a Vietnamese civilian while riding through a village. The soldiers maintained that the gun had been fired into the air—the motive was not clarified. I suppose drunkenness cannot be excluded. There was a prima facie case



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for manslaughter but testimony on who had fired the gun was less than clear. (The case had not yet come to trial.)

In another case an officer, a black man, was accused of mutilating an enemy body. He was found not guilty, contrary to what I thought was the weight of the evidence on record. He was on the post and at my request I was permitted to question him. He maintained his innocence. Should he have been found guilty it would probably have been difficult to avoid stirring up racial animosities among the soldiers. I mentioned this to the general in charge who struck me as a humane and fair-minded man. He declined to guess what was in the minds of the judges. He had not influenced the judgment.

What I have reported here should not be taken to mean that atrocities and crimes do not occur. A number have been documented. They are likely to be only the tip of the iceberg. The evidence I have collected suggests to me that among the soldiers I saw—mainly combat soldiers in outposts or combat zones—atrocities, indiscriminate shooting, beating of prisoners, let alone murder or torture, are not routine or accepted occurrences. Perhaps these things happened more often in the days of the body count. I am quite sure they are now dealt with as crimes and that they are so regarded by the soldiers.

In war each side accuses the other of atrocities and crimes of all sorts. Usually they are both right. Crimes and cruelties occur in war no less than in peace, perhaps more. The weakness of social controls in war probably encourages them. Weakness of controls always does—in war and peace, in slums and among the uprooted.

War "causes" war crimes no less but also no more than trains "cause" train robberies. But in war many crimes are committed not against the perpetrators' fellow citizens (as is usually the case in peace) but against "enemies." Above all, while "America" is not held responsible for every crime Americans commit against each other, in war the tendency is to hold the whole country morally responsible for crimes committed by its soldiers against non-Americans. Emotion, which divides the world into "them" and "us," transmutes them, even without the help of propaganda.

Some people believe that war brutalizes the whole population, generating indifference to violence, and thereby causing violence to be practiced and accepted throughout society. Brutalization then, by encouraging violent crime, would raise its frequency. War crimes would be encouraged most, since soldiers are taught to practice violence. War is systematic violence, killing "enemies" who as individuals are not "guilty" of anything more than fighting for a different country. Soldiers unintentionally, but knowingly, also must kill even children or women, when they happen to be in the way of military action.

Society: Theirs and Ours

While it seems quite plausible that war brutalizes the whole society (and there may be some elements of truth), the allegation is not confirmed by statistics. The rate of violent crimes among civilians actually tends to fall in war, probably because most males aged seventeen to thirty (those most likely to commit violent crimes at any time) are drafted. However, if war "brutalized" the whole population, the crime rate for each age group would rise. It does not.

Even if wars do not brutalize society by raising the crime rate of the population as a whole, they may still brutalize soldiers. There is no actual evidence to confirm this plausible idea: We have no comparisons of the crime rate of soldiers with their crime rate as civilians. However, there are some theoretical grounds to expect soldiers in Vietnam to commit more crimes than they would as civilians at home. But these grounds have nothing to do with brutalization defined as a temporary or permanent disposition to indiscriminate violence, induced by military training or activity.

Soldiers are taught to kill only some people in some situations. They remain able and willing to discriminate, just as people who learn to drive also learn to be restrained by traffic signals. All societies teach people to discriminate among identical acts according to their different social meanings. The act of taking something is the same, but the social meaning differs according to whether you bought, or stole what you took. Policemen use the same guns criminals use. But the social meaning differs: The lawbreaker uses violence for personal purposes; but not the policeman. Nor the soldier. Soldiers are taught to kill only the enemy and only in specific situations, just as policemen are trained to shoot only at suspects and in some situations, not others. This is their duty. Killing otherwise is a crime.

The idea that soldiers become indiscriminate killers because taught to kill, is as silly as the idea that policemen do, or that girls, once married, become indiscriminately promiscuous. When they commit crimes soldiers do so for the same reasons civilians do, and *qua* soldiers probably not less and not more often. If they commit more crimes abroad it is because they are far from home in an alien land, not because they are soldiers.

In Vietnam, American soldiers find themselves very far from home among an alien people often enough hostile to them. Vietnamese speak a language the soldiers do not understand; and the Vietnamese do not understand Americans. The language difficulty alone severely restricts communication and social contact between the Vietnamese people and American soldiers. Further, Vietnamese customs, ambitions, motivations, relationships and lifestyles seem totally unintelligible to Americans.

Because it is so alien, Americans often regard Vietnamese society as inferior. This is a normal reaction to what is unfamiliar. It can be observed in children and among ethnic groups, or tribes, throughout history. The reaction is particularly prominent among the young and uneducated (as most of our soldiers are) who feel uncertain and therefore defensive about their own identities and lifestyles.

The feeling of superiority is reinforced in many soldiers because Vietnam is industrially and technologically undeveloped. The Vietnamese cannot boast the achievements by which most Americans evaluate others. Vietnamese lack most skills taken for granted in an industrial culture: They cannot be relied on to handle instruments, schedules or technical concepts, and to maintain machinery. Americans tend to regard those who lack these "normal" skills as stupid. Finally, because their society is not industrialized, Vietnamese are poor. The rural population lives in huts lacking amenities that even the poorest Americans are accustomed to. American soldiers cannot help feeling superior, some in a benevolent and patronizing, some in a contemptuous, most in an indifferent way. For all these reasons, American

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soldiers do not identify, or feel the empathy with the Vietnamese they would feel with Americans. The Vietnamese easily became people beyond the pale. For some this means that one can do to Vietnamese what one could not do to Americans; one need not feel guilty about it. In the words Jonathan Schell puts in the mouth of one of his protagonists in *The Military Half*:

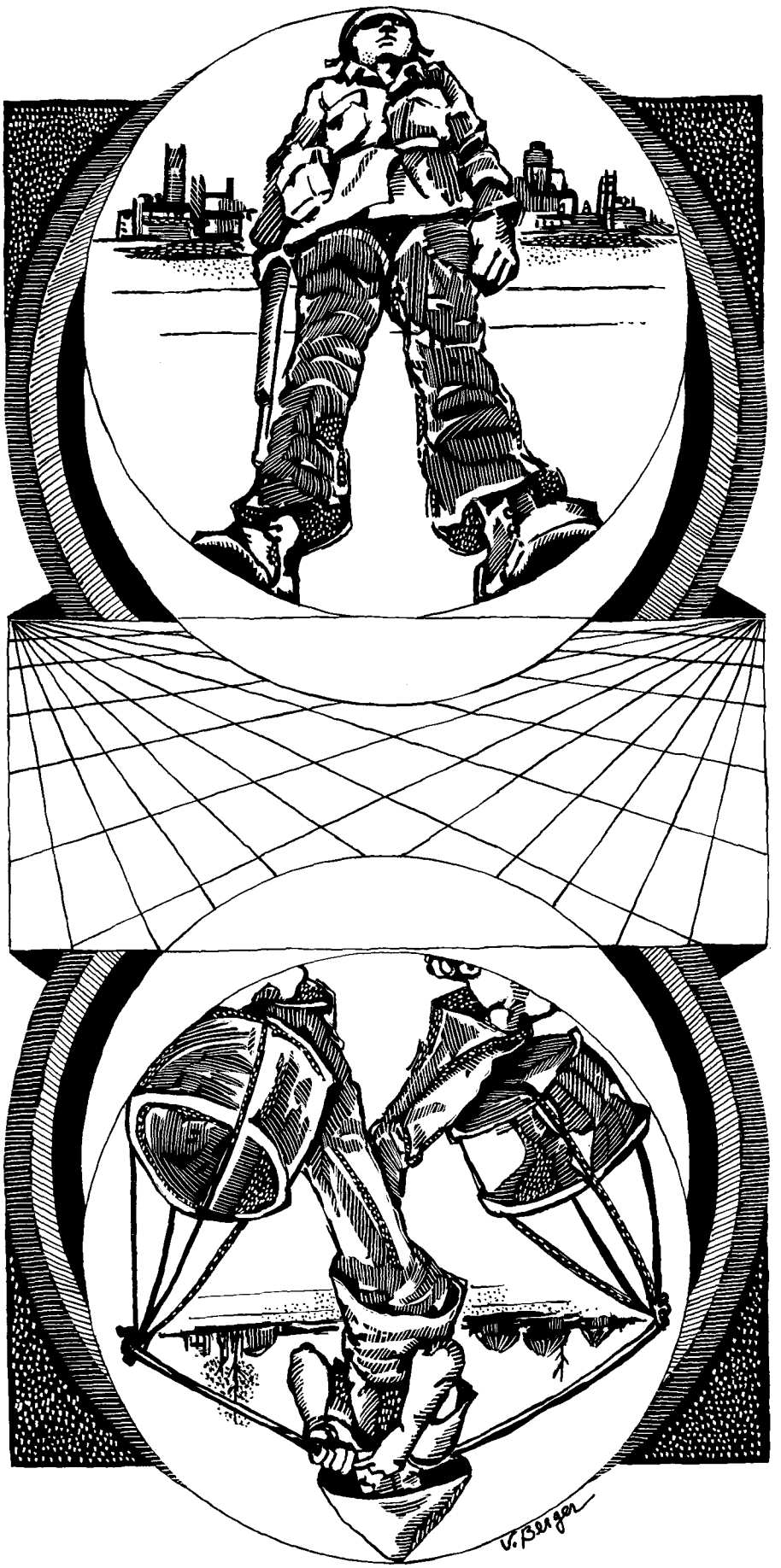
> "When we got here, we landed on a different planet. In Germany and Japan, I guess there was a thread of contact, but even when a Vietnamese guy speaks perfect English *I* don't know what the hell he's talking about."
>
> "No one has any feelings for the Vietnamese," said Sproul, a private from Texas. "They're lost. The trouble is, no one sees the Vietnamese as people. Therefore, it doesn't matter what you do to them."

Armed, and authorized to order Vietnamese civilians around, at least on some occasions, American soldiers often have the power (though not the right) to impose their wishes, including criminal wishes, on the Vietnamese, who usually have little recourse. They can complain, directly or indirectly, to superior military authorities about crimes of soldiers. But there are language difficulties, and fear. And often the Vietnamese have to offer only the testimony of other Vietnamese, while the suspect soldier has his buddies to testify for him. Military authorities find it easier to accept the word of fellow soldiers and fellow Americans, and to give them the benefit of the doubt over civilians, who seem neither intelligible nor trustworthy.

VC Strategy

In Vietnam the enemy does his best to exacerbate the division between civilians and American soldiers into hostility. His considerable success would be unqualified were it not for his own unrestrained terrorism. Nonetheless his tactics explain, though they do not justify, many a war crime.

Often the enemy in Vietnam wears no uniform and no distinctive signs; he hides his weapons, and he deliberately makes himself indistinguishable from local peasants. Some of the peasants help the guerrillas. Most are too terrified to oppose them; few dare give them away. American soldiers have the frequent experience, if they survive, of



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seeing a man who seemed a harmless peasant suddenly throw a hand grenade at them. Or of being welcomed into an apparently peaceful, friendly village only to have their buddies killed by booby traps. Or of being suddenly fired upon from what appeared to be a cluster of huts inhabited by peasant families. Or of being ambushed in seemingly friendly territory. Such experiences make our soldiers hostile enough to obliterate distinctions between civilians and guerrillas, friendly, indifferent or irreconcilable peasants. The enemy has deliberately made these distinctions hard. He has won a political victory by causing most American soldiers to feel suspicious of all Vietnamese, and to blur the line between suspicion and hostility.

E. Miranda, U.S. Army

We do not punish many people guilty of crime in the U.S. We punish so few that the cost of committing crimes—the penalty divided by the risk of actually suffering it—has come to be near zero. Crime therefore pays: Less than 3 per cent of all crimes in the U.S. are ever punished. The repercussions in Vietnam are obvious: Military justice punishes even fewer lawbreakers than civilian justice does, and even more leniently.

An influential body of opinion in the United States has affected those meant to deal with criminals so as to deter others. Originating, and now altogether prevailing in educational institutions, this body of opinion has instructed all of us to minimize individual responsibility for crimes, and to focus instead on social injustice.

Punishment is regarded as useless, or unfair: Criminals are thought to have been placed in a situation which entitles them to commit crimes, or, makes it impossible to avoid them. "Society" is thought to be at fault. At present more than forty murders are committed every day in the United States—i.e., we lose far more Americans to domestic murders than we ever did to the enemy in Vietnam.

All this would be beside the point, were it not that the attitudes of civilian society necessarily pervade their military organizations as it does all others. Crime is not likely to be punished more in military than in civilian groups. The same rules of evidence make it hard to convict those guilty. And the same practices that prevail in civilian courts cause the punishment to be so lenient as to have little deterrent effect.

The legal treatment of the crime described by Daniel Lang in *Casualties of War* illustrates the point all too well. Four soldiers were found guilty of various charges of rape and premeditated murder committed in cold blood, when the victim seemed not worth raping again, and might have become an inconvenient witness. The crimes had nothing to do with the violence of the enemy, or of the war. The soldiers who committed them were fully aware of the criminal nature of their acts: They were careful throughout, therefore, to hide their action. They would have succeeded but for the testimony of one soldier.

The soldier who brought the criminals to justice had to overcome obstacles far beyond those one encounters when reporting a crime in civilian life. His commanding officer did not help. Few others did. He had never been informed of how to contact the Army's criminal investigation branch or the prosecutor. Neither apparently had been alerted to Vietnamese complaints.

A civilian prosecutor is backed in the community affected by the crime he is to prosecute. He acquires prestige and promotions by successful prosecution. A military prosecutor is not backed by such a constituency. He, and his career, depend not on the injured community but on the military group to which the criminal belongs. The prosecutor does not represent "the people" *v.* John Doe, but rather John Doe's fellow suspects, when he prosecutes soldiers accused of crimes against civilians. The natural tendency is to prosecute as little as possible. In Vietnam this has meant much too little.

But in this case the prosecution occurred. All the defendants were convicted and given far too lenient punishment. On appeal one conviction was reversed: Although the defendant had been told that he need not talk to investigators without a lawyer, he proved that he had not been told that a lawyer would be available at no cost to him. (If he didn't know, he easily could have found out that military counsel cannot charge clients.) The other defendants had their lenient sentences reduced to practically nothing, even though they had committed murder in cold blood, without any illusion of military necessity. The military review board shed tears over the defendants' "deprived" background—as though it entitled them to deprive others of life. As usual our rules of evidence shamelessly favored the defendants.

Who's to Blame?

But can we expect military courts to have different or better rules than civilian courts? The impunity granted to many criminals in the United States and the consequent high crime rate is not caused by the war in Vietnam. It is caused by our unwillingness to inflict punishment on those clearly guilty.

The case of Lt. James Duffy suggests a victory of military solidarity over law and justice not less distressing than the case described above. Duffy was found guilty of ordering an unarmed prisoner, who was kept tied to a stake, shot for the sake of increasing the "body count" of enemies. There were no other grounds for the murder. When the military court realized that his conviction for murder entailed mandatory sentence of life imprisonment (in practice this means ten years), it reversed itself, found Duffy guilty of manslaughter and gave him six months!

Yes, the rate of war crimes is high. However we distribute it, most of the blame must be placed on the people most prominent in antiwar agitations. They relish blaming the war, and the military, for crime here and in Vietnam—and they make it harder and harder to convict the guilty. They plead for indulgence, and insist that none but "society" is ever guilty. It is—if it listens to them. It is because it has for so long not punished criminals as they urge over and over again. Society has made crime pay—here and in Vietnam.

Here and in Vietnam, in peace and in war, brutalization is a cause of high American crime rates far less than sentimentalization its very opposite. By leaving men shorn of individual responsibility for their acts, by refusing to punish them for what they do when they could have acted otherwise, we have invited crimes and made it hard for many people to resist the invitation. If people other than the criminals are to blame, they are those who refuse to blame and punish the criminals and instead bewail the collective guilt of sinful society. The mounting difficulty in convicting suspects and their lenient punishment, cannot fail to encourage the crime for which society is blamed. □

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LETTER FROM OTTAWA

Canada Switches Targets

DONALD COXE

When Premier Pierre Trudeau visited Russia in May, he informed Premier Kosygin publicly that Canada faced two threats to its existence as an independent nation: one was Quebec separatism, but the principal threat was the American presence in Canada. Now that the government has released its White Paper on defense policy, it is apparent that Trudeau's assessment is the cornerstone of defense planning. The emphasis is to be on protecting Canada from the U.S. with only token resources left for the North American Air Defense Command (NORAD) and NATO.

The idea that Canada should concentrate its defense expenditures on protecting itself against the United States has been the main theme of Communist propaganda in Canada for the past three years. Until Trudeau's election as premier, Communist efforts in Canada were directed against our participation in NATO and NORAD. Since Trudeau was known to be lukewarm at best to Western collective security, the Communists stopped pressing these issues; the threat to Canadian sovereignty was from the U.S., specifically that the U.S. might annex the Canadian Arctic.

Fantastic? Various professors of international law released think-pieces that stressed American operations on the DEW-line and oil development. They referred to the principle of international law that a country can lose sovereignty rights to territory if another nation exercises effective control and occupation of the area. The idea of American annexation has been discussed so often over the past few years that it has become credible to millions of Canadians.

Trudeau has fostered this fear, and is now prepared to capitalize on it. Certainly the new direction for Canadian defense policy should not surprise observers familiar with Trudeau's long-lived leftist romanticism. He was a member of the first Western delegation to visit Peking after Mao's accession; most of the other members of the delegation were avowed Communists, and all were selected by Communist Party officials. Trudeau even went so far in 1961 as to write an exhortation in a book that "we socialists" should emulate Mao Tse-tung. His government has reflected this sentimentalism. Recently, for example, a sizable federal grant was made to Phyllis Clarke, leading theoretician of the Canadian Communist Party, to enable her to write a thesis on Marxist policies and their application to Canada.

During his Russian trip, Trudeau signed a protocol (without obtaining prior approval from Parliament) providing for joint "consultation" and information exchanges on Arctic development. When reporters asked why such a protocol was necessary, Trudeau pointed out that Canada and Russia are polar neighbors and have joint concerns in the Arctic.

Now, a White Paper is a declaration of government policy. It has no legislative effect and is not subject to alteration by Parliament. The importance of the White Paper on defense policy is that it took three years to prepare and is a statement of the direction the Trudeau government intends to set for the next decade. It was released by Defense Minister Donald Macdonald on August 23, which, coincidentally or not, is five days after the Canadian delegation to Washington heard its request for exemption from the import surcharge rejected by Secretary Connally.

The White Paper proposes that the Canadian armed forces be reduced to 83,000 men within two years. As Conservative defense critic Michael Forrestall points out, it projects defense costs increase of a mere 1 per cent over the next nine years. "That, to my way of thinking," he grumbled, "must surely spell the end of the Canadian armed forces by 1980."

What will this tiny army be doing? The main responsibility will be guarding Canada's remote and offshore areas against Americans. Force will be used, if necessary, and Canadian troops are to receive intensive training in Arctic warfare. Canadian troops will take over operation of the Goose Bay radar site from Americans. They will patrol Arctic and east coast offshore areas to watch for illegal seismic and other oil exploration programs. They will maintain data on Arctic development (thereby giving the government information which, under the Russian protocol, can be passed across the Pole).

Since the Americans have become the principal threat to Canadian sovereignty, our participation in collective security pacts aimed at Communism is to be downgraded. It is now revealed that Canada has been asked to make the underground NORAD installation at North Bay, Ontario an alternative headquarters for NORAD in the event a Soviet attack on Colorado disables NORAD's high command post. This request has been turned down. Furthermore, Canada will scrap its two Bomarc missile squadrons committed to NORAD and close the North Bay base. The two jet squadrons serving with NATO will have their nuclear strike role discontinued this year. Whether Canada will even remain in NORAD is left open, as is the continuance of her Anti-Submarine Warfare surveillance program once the aging fleet is finally scrapped—probably by 1975.

Canada won't back out of all its foreign military commitments, however. Her armed forces will continue to serve in UN "peacekeeping" operations and to train troops for black "liberation armies" in Southern Africa.

Since Trudeau became premier, the armed forces have become demoralized. Their numbers have dwindled, and their budgets have been slashed while the expenditures of nearly every other government department have been hugely expanded. Continued public questioning by government leaders of the usefulness of the armed forces has thoroughly disheartened career soldiers. This phase of left-wing attack on the military establishment has, thankfully, come to an end. It is now conceded that Canada does need an army: to protect her against the United States. □

Donald Coxe, NR's Canadian correspondent, is a lawyer who works for an insurance company in Ontario. He spent two years right out of law school working as an Associate Editor for NR *in New York.*

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THE CHANGING SCENE

Pornography and Politics

ROBERT WARD

THE LATEST Presidential Commission on Pornography and Obscenity spent $2 million and found that pornography is innocuous because it cannot be definitely proven that it provokes rape. Nothing at all was said by it about the long-term effect on society of unleashed pornography as opposed to the immediate effects on individuals briefly exposed to salacious materials.

Common sense, reflection, hard logic and observation of other nations all indicate that a society in which sexual displays are ubiquitous and unremarkable will be a different society from that to which we have been accustomed in America.

Such a drastic revision of our ideas of sexual propriety is bound to affect our ideas on morals, family life, religion, privacy and personal identity. And political change never lags far behind cultural change.

A potential for political change may be an unexpected fact of pornography, but we live in a very special age. It is an age of visual emphasis and mass communication. Pornography is no longer a book read in the privacy of one's own digs. It is a movie or play watched in the company of countless strangers. Couples who attend such movies casually are often forced, by the explicitness of the scenes they watch, into an intimacy inappropriate to their actual relationship.

The characters are not imaginary figures who cavort for the private delight of the reader. They are real persons who perform sexual acts in public.

The result is a massive attack on our standards of personal privacy, which standards are a fundamental part of our belief in political freedom. A society that does not hold personal privacy as a cherished value will not resist intrusions by government into areas beyond its legitimate authority.

Norms of privacy, no matter how ingrained, are not immutable. The changing status of financial privacy, as noted by Harry Kalvern, Professor of Law at the University of Chicago, is illustrative:

> Recipients of the government's ever-expanding welfare benefits will not find it easy to resist government claims to a wide amount of information about their character, personality and living habits. With ever-increased emphasis on consumer credit, people will be induced to disclose all sorts of information about personal tastes, income and habits in handling money. *Indeed, privacy about one's financial situation and personal budget, once so deeply intrenched in middle-class mores, will become a forgotten value.* [Emphasis added.]

To visualize what life will be like when privacy regarding one's sexual behavior, desires, preferences and responses is a "forgotten value," it is only necessary to consider what sexual privacy accomplishes for us.

Stated simply, sexual privacy defines and protects relationships by allowing the individual to control access to his sexuality. In *The Naked Ape*, Desmond Morris explains how privacy operates to preserve relationships:

> The most obvious example is the hallowed and proverbial fig-leaf. . . . Hiding the genitals behind a concealing garment is now almost universal. . . . Another important development was the introduction of privacy for the sexual acts themselves.
>
> Body-to-body contacts have become such an important part of sexual behavior that these too have to be damped down during the ordinary daily routine . . . body postures have become desexualized . . . the female sexual invitation of legs apart is strongly avoided . . . [Pubic hair] is shaved . . . by artists' models whose nudity is non-sexual.
>
> Most of these controls are maintained by the strategy of referring to the phenomena they restrict as "not nice," "not done" or "not polite."
>
> More overt controls are . . . moral codes or sexual laws. In all cases the major concern is . . . *to prevent arousal of strangers and to curtail interaction outside the pair bond.* [Emphasis added.]

It's considered groovy these days, particularly by the clergy, to attribute modesty in dress and behavior to a puritanical, "sex-is-evil" mentality. Such a view exposes superficiality or partisanship. Modesty, as Morris notes, is an almost universal device for enforcing relationships. Alan Westin, in his study of technology and human values for the New York City Bar Association, discovered: "Virtually all societies have rules for the concealment of the female genitals and restrictions on the time and manner of female genital exposure."

Westin also found that in primitive societies where privacy in most areas of life is impossible, couples still prefer to do their lovemaking in private, even if they must go to the beach or the bush to be alone. Even in Margaret Mead's uninhibited Samoa, children and the elderly are excluded from the night dances that culminate in a sexual free-for-all. Dr. Mead reports that the presence of nonparticipants would be thought "indecent."

THESE LIMITS that every society imposes on sexual displays arise from a recognition that a relationship unprotected from intrusion cannot provide a sense of intimacy. Westin defines intimacy as a state wherein "the individual is acting as part of a small unit that claims and is allowed to exercise corporate seclusion so that it may achieve a close, relaxed and frank relationship between two or more individuals. Typical units of intimacy are husband and wife, the family, a friendship circle or a work clique. . . . Without intimacy a basic need of human contact would be lost."

This "basic need" for intimacy makes privacy—and the curtailment of overt sexual displays—not an arbitrary and repressive rule imposed by society on the individual, but rather a fundamental right of the individual which society is obliged to defend.

The current permissiveness in films and plays is a destroyer of the link between sex and intimacy. It makes meaningless the symbols and signals described by Morris that establish this

Robert Ward is a reporter on the Burlington Free Press. *His first interest is the theater and most of his previous articles have been on the theater and theater-related subjects, which is what brought him to pornography.*

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link. It banalizes, trivializes and collectivizes the sexual experience, and confers wealth, celebrity and honors upon those who copulate in public. When a woman earns her pay by engaging in sexual intercourse while others watch, and receives an Academy Award instead of a prostitution rap, clearly something drastic is happening to our definition of sex. It is, in fact, being stripped of its moral, psychological and social significance.

Dr. Rollo May has described the sexual act as the "ultimate baring" of the individual to the kindness or cruelty of the partner. For a human being, Dr. May adds, how and with whom sexual drives are fulfilled is important because "the more powerful need is not for sex per se but for relationship, intimacy, acceptance and affirmation."

Sex made trivial by destruction of the norms, morals, laws and conventions that protect its exclusivity and exceptionality, can supply none of the needs Dr. May mentions. A family unit rooted in a sexual relationship so trivialized will not supply them. These needs then become subject to exploitation by other institutions of society, including government. The family, robbed of its ability to claim special loyalties based on the intimate relationship of its members, cannot resist the intrusion of these outside agencies.

A family whose members look outside the home for affirmation, emotional guidance and a sense of personal identity has no autonomy, will not function as an alternative source of authority and can exert little moral or philosophical influence over its children.

Protection of the family against undue outside pressure is a prerequisite of political freedom. Westin points out:

> The movement from primitive to modern societies increases both the physical and psychological opportunities for privacy by individuals and family units, and converts these opportunities into choices of values in the socio-political realm.

SWEDEN IS OFTEN cited as a nation of sexual sanity, enlightenment and honesty. Swedish school children are given an explicit and thorough sex education from the early grades even to the point of watching films demonstrating various kinds of sexual responses. "Swedish movie" is a synonym for what most Americans consider pornography.

Mrs. Brigitta Linner, founder of the Stockholm Family Counseling Bureau and author of *Sex and Society in Sweden*, makes this amazing comment:

> Unfortunately, recent investigations by the Swedish Government Family Commission indicate that the division of responsibilities within many Swedish homes still follows the traditional patriarchal pattern to a large degree.

The principal means of controlling family life is the public-school system. The Swedish public school is an outpatient kibbutz. Mrs. Linner complains that "many textbooks still cling to traditional sex-role standards—this despite the school's commitment to common instruction toward common goals for girls and boys." Her book reveals a systematic exclusion of the family from the transmission of values and moral attitudes to children. Parents are the targets of directives and exhortations regarding the values and morality they must convey to their children.

By educating the children from the earliest years to a lack of privacy and the acceptance of government's role in their most private decisions, Sweden has removed all barriers between public and private, and has established total control without benefit of barbed wire or secret police. Totalitarianism without fear.

Right now we are enjoying the happy coincidence of a national mood and government policy of greater freedom for abortion and birth control. This coincidence should not obscure the fact that government is fast establishing authority in the area of family life.

The *eros ex machina* approach to marriage popularized by Masters and Johnson fosters the belief that marital sexual problems are something to be worked out by a team effort that includes the use of practice partners. The work of Masters and Johnson drastically changed our thinking about sexual privacy, a fact that Dr. Masters credits for the smaller stir their second book caused.

Schools have adopted the practice of grilling students with questionnaires about home life and parental habits—all in the strictest confidence, but this "confidence" only means that the parents will not be informed of the probe.

The Pornography Commission itself recommended a re-education of sexual attitudes so massive that only the Federal Government can do it.

Such policies and practices deny completely the privacy of personality to which free men are entitled. Orville Brim, President of the Russell Sage Foundation, traced modern concepts of privacy of personality to two developments in Western thought.

(Continues on page 1194)

"So much for our Theater of Dissent topic for this evening. Now for the fireworks."

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HJL RIDES AGAIN

How Henry J. Littlefinger Licked the Hippies' Scheme To Take Over the Country by Tossing Pot in Postage Stamp Glue

JOHN KEEFAUVER

HENRY J. LITTLEFINGER'S troubles began when he got the major role in a plan by Hippies, Incorporated, to take over the United States. His job: Tossing pot in postage-stamp glue.

Up until he was handed the starring role by Large Daddy Throckmortan, the 85-year-old original hippie and current boss, Henry J. had been a simple, happy, lazy, lovable, loyal, dirty hippie. But he had even a better quality, as far as Large Daddy was concerned, one that had caused the old man to pick him for the job of slinging pot-laced brownies into the glue pots of Sticky & Sons, biggest stamp-making contractor for the United States Postal Service.

Henry was a diabetic.

"Thus, Henry," said Large Daddy grandly, flinging his beard over his shoulder, "you won't be tempted to eat a brownie yourself."

And with that, Large Daddy had infiltrated Henry J. into Sticky & Sons as an employee in the glue department, given him a week's worth of the special brownies as a starter, wacked him heartily on the back, and said, "Upon your shoulders, Henry, rests the salvation of the United States—pot. If you succeed, we'll take over the country and make it into what it ought to be—simple, lazy, happy, lovable and dirty!"

Large Daddy's reasoning was simple: With pot on postage stamps, and with almost everybody in the country licking them, nearly everybody in time would be helplessly high, thus allowing the hippies to take over. Of course, Large Daddy knew full well that his hippies were already helplessly high, but he also knew that, being used to it, they had an advantage. Nevertheless, he ordered all hippies to stay off stamps for the duration, unless they wetted them with water, which was unlikely.

So Henry J. Littlefinger shaved off his beard, borrowed some clothes and shoes, took a bath, and, his lunch box filled with zapped-up brownies, went off to work as a glue man for Sticky & Sons.

He was successful the very first day. With no trouble at all, he threw a handful of brownies into a pot of glue while all the other glue men were on a coffee break. And as days went by, he, a former pitcher for the Hippie Nine, became so skilful that he could get rid of a dozen cookies, unnoticed, on underarm, backhand, over-the-shoulder, and under-the-leg shots while simply strolling past a pot.

The world first knew that something strange was happening in the United States after Nixon, having written the first letter to be mailed to Mars, licked a stamp for it. The next morning he appeared at his office wearing sandals, beads, bells, jeans and a turtleneck sweater and, after noting that since the Air Force had first started bombing Vietnam in order to make peace, he commanded it to stop bombing the place in order to make war.

THEN, IN QUICK succession, as more and more people licked more and more stamps the following days and weeks, the editors of *Reader's Digest* ran a fold-out nude; Hugh Hefner and Billy Graham traded jobs; General Motors announced plans for a car that wouldn't exceed five miles per hour—frontward—which had no connection with the dynamiting of all freeways by highway engineers; television sets, all with bullet holes in them, overflowed ashcans—and, in general, all citizens discovered slower relief, goodness that didn't crunch, and started bowling overhand.

And no one knew how and why it was happening—except Large Daddy Throckmortan and Henry J. Littlefinger. And no one was in condition to care.

Large Daddy, reflectively picking his beard, hadn't expected such a gigantic turn-on. In high glee, he sat back on his throne of old orange crates to await the day, soon to come, when he would be carried into the White House, wherever it happened to be at the time, on the shoulders of Madison Avenue sandal shoes.

Henry J., meanwhile, stuck to his job, although he was getting pretty tired of tossing brownies into pots of glue day in and day out. To relieve the monotony, he began bouncing them in off the side of his foot, top of his head, and bottom of his elbow, and angling them in off the ceiling.

There came a day, however, when he couldn't think of one new way to get a brownie into a pot of glue—except one, which he was afraid to try: spitting it in. A diabetic shouldn't put a cookie in his mouth, he reasoned, even if it was a spitting cookie. Besides, Large Daddy had told him not to.

But Henry J. became so bored one day that he tried it anyway. Into his mouth he threw a brownie; it soared out immediately, beautifully spat, to splash into the pot, a perfect shot. And he had received only the slightest taste of sugar. So, born anew, he tried again and again. In and out of his mouth the cookies flew, even faster. Each time he did it he tasted a little more sugar, which tasted pretty damn good to a sugar-starved man. Ever faster—until, unfortunately, his spitter went into reverse, his swallower took over, and down into his hippie belly slid the zapped-up brownie.

FROM THAT swallow on Henry J. Littlefinger was a different man.

On his way home from work he, hardly knowing what he was doing, bought a new wardrobe, two television sets (one for each eye), and some

(Continues on page 1194)

John Keefauver is a freelance writer who has published a hundred and more articles since he quit newspapering a few years back. His hero Henry J. Littlefinger has also fought the battle of the smog and life in an upside world in the pages of NR.

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WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Land of the Free

WILLMOORE WHEELER RIDES AGAIN

PRESIDENT Willmoore Wheeler did not reflect on the irony of being returned to office to clean up the economic mess left by his supposedly conservative predecessor. It had been twenty years since Willmoore Wheeler had written the man off as a mere politician. Consequently he had paid little attention to his predecessor's denials and denials and denials of any intention of imposing wage and price controls. It was obvious by early August of 1971 that the controls were on the way. In mid-August 1971 a "voluntary" wage-price freeze was imposed. In September the Administration was promising "tough" controls after the "freeze" was "lifted"—and nobody noticed the demise of the English language (dead of a disease first clinically observed by Orwell in 1949).

By the end of 1971 the Congress had stitched up a forward-looking Program for Economic Equality (the PEE), which became the law of the land. The phrase, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," was at this time impossible to enunciate without an ironical smile at the side of the mouth. The *New York Times* flooded the newsstands with PEE—issued in 26 volumes at $1.98 per.

There had been compromises of course. It was the American Way. Congress had decreed that wages, prices, dividends, profits and rents once again go up, but not more than 5.3 per cent per year. The exceptions were published in the 73-volume Appendix to the basic PEE, and issued by the *New York Times* for $3.73 per. Commodities and name brands were itemized alphabetically and geographically. Corporations and individual employers were listed by name, title, Social Security number and blood type. Several hundred subcategories were included. A master list was issued, later, in zip code order; this was made available at major newsstands by the *New York Times* in 123 volumes, octavo, for $7.69 per.

The basic PEE also prohibited capital exports, although tourists were permitted to take $300 abroad from the land of the (smile) and the home of the (chuckle). Government permits were required for capital exports in excess of a stated sum, which varied with the nature of the business and the urgency and importance of the errand. Tariffs were abolished; in their stead an "import surcharge" of 66 per cent was applied. Banks and federal agencies were required (under pain of enormous fines and durance vile) to report any deposit, transfer, withdrawal, or movement of funds in excess of $99. Exemptions applicable to underestimation of consumer capital improvement depreciation schedules cited under applicable *New York Times* regulations volumes six through nine were incaminated per stirpes.

By election day of 1972 the former President had been the target of two movements of censure, three PEE reform movements, one impeachment and other similar indignities not covered in the Appendix, such as assassination and loss of exemptions. It was clear by August 1972 that he could barely be elected County Supervisor of Alpine County, California (it was his eighth crisis; the PEE-in vote did it). Willmoore Wheeler, who had resigned from the Presidency after defusing the Soviet threat in 1958 (see *NR*, Sept. 27, 1959), was asked to run for President again. To everyone's surprise he agreed to do it. He won easily.

A BELIEVER in clean streets, President Willmoore Wheeler acted immediately to dispatch a suicide-prevention squad to the head offices of the *New York Pee & Times*. When he was satisfied that the garbage would be removed if it jumped out the window, he issued his first Executive Order. And he proclaimed:

> Under my oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States I have today signed Executive Order #35,642,990,-431,876,000,988 forbidding federal enforcement of the so-called Program for Economic Equality. This so-called Program has been a clear violation of the letter of the Constitution, an affront to the spirit of our laws, and a blotch on the history of our people. I have today prohibited the enforcement of other statutes now in existence which infringe on the economic freedom of American citizens and thereby deny them equal opportunity. My Administration will not enforce any laws under the following categories: 1) laws restricting free international trade, such as tariffs, quotas, marketing agreements, cartels and so on; 2) laws conferring monopolistic powers on persons or groups of persons; 3) laws providing subventions, subsidies, support payments, or any kind of handouts to corporations, industries, entrepreneurs, or other economic factors; 4) laws purposing to regulate wages, prices, rents, shipping rates, profits, dividends and so on; 5) and in general any laws that use federal revenues for purposes not obviously authorized by the Constitution. This is the very least you have a right to expect from your President in this land of the free and the home of the brave.

Liberal editorial boards called hasty meetings to discuss the disaster. Conservative editorial boards met to deplore the precipitous action and urge making haste slowly. Curly-headed anarchists published angry little screeds against the use of Executive Power. Major tycoons went home and cried. The Congress and the Supreme Court stared at each other and decided that they had better go along with the gag, otherwise their salaries would be paid to others. Congress repealed all the laws that President Wheeler had promised not to enforce. There was therefore no constitutional crisis. The international monetary crisis disappeared in exactly the time it took to televise the message to Europe. In the place of political quarreling and chauvinistic claims and counterclaims there were now only free people buying and selling currencies, goods, metals, services and commodities at prices that they found agreeable.

This new situation was called prosperity. □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service; publisher of the Financial Book Service; and author of best-selling* Wooden Nickels.

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BOOKS

A Crisis of Authority

Authority and Rebellion: The Case for Orthodoxy in the Catholic Church
By Charles E. Rice
Doubleday, 253 pp., $5.95

WILL HERBERG

Although the depth and extent of the crisis have undoubtedly been much exaggerated by the mass media and by certain dissident Catholics, not always without malice prepense, there can be little question but that the Catholic Church has, since Vatican II, been involved in a serious crisis of authority. And for the Catholic Church a crisis of authority is a crisis that touches the institution at its very heart, for both history and theology concur in seeing the formative institutional principle of the Church of Rome to be its tradition of hierarchical authority, just as we may take the formative institutional principle of Protestantism to be the authority of the preached word. Hierarchical authority in the Church of Rome is not seen as merely a valid and efficient organizational arrangement; in its essence, it is an article of faith, dogmatically affirmed and held *iure divino*.

Charles E. Rice is, therefore, touching a really crucial problem in the Catholic Christian faith when he undertakes, as he does in this book, to discuss authority and rebellion in the Church of Rome and to make the case for traditional orthodoxy. He strives for, and measurably achieves, a double coverage, indicated by the title and subtitle of the work. In its narrower scope, it offers an effective presentation of what is indicated by the title, authority and rebellion in the Roman Church; in its broader scope, in line with the subtitle, "The Case for Orthodoxy in the Catholic Church," it offers a quick-survey encyclopedia of almost all issues disturbing the Church today, from the erosion of decency and the decay of morality to church-state relations (but why no index?). Merely to list, let alone to comment upon, all matters raised in this book would far outrun the limits of this review. I propose, therefore, to concentrate on the central theme—authority and rebellion in the Church—and to allow myself no more than a passing reference, if at all, to other matters included in the broader scope.

For the Catholic who understands what is involved, let me emphasize once again, the vice in "rebellion" against the Church and its hierarchy lies not so much in the positions the contumacious Catholic may take in rebelling, but in the rebelling itself, in the very act of defiance against the magisterial hierarchical authority of the Church, which is held to be, ipso facto, defiance of the ordinance of God.

Professor Rice makes the Catholic case for the magisterial and jurisdictional authority of the Church very well and very clearly. I could have hoped, however, that he had paid closer attention to the very difficult problem of the kind and degree of authority attaching to the various kinds of pronouncements of the Church. Without clear distinction and delimitation, nothing but confusion can result, which would throw the whole matter of authority into question. This is not the place to attempt an adequate discussion of this problem; but it should be clear, and it should be made clear, that the kind of assent, inner and outer, demanded by the definition of dogma, by the decree of an ecumenical council, by a papal bull, encyclical or allocution, and by an episcopal declaration, is quite different in each case, with different consequences. Professor Rice knows this, of course; but I am not sure that its full significance comes through his pages, and yet it is a matter without which the whole problem of authority in the Church is bound to remain obscure and misunderstood.

As it confronts the Church today, the challenge to authority is usually associated with the Second Vatican Council; the dissidents, particularly, strive to cover themselves with its mantle. And yet, as one can learn from this book, the official pronouncements of the Council emphatically reinforce the traditional positions on papal infallibility, on the episcopal magisterium and on ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The questioning of authority comes not from the Council, but from the "liberal" Catholic attempt to present the Council under

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the aspect of *aggiornamento*. But *aggiornamento* (bringing up to date) is simply the slogan by which these Catholic "liberals," who have long chafed under the rigor of Church discipline, have been striving to overthrow the authority of their Church, and thereby to destroy it as the Roman Catholic Church. Professor Rice makes this quite clear in his book, and, if any first-hand documentation from the other side were required, a reading of Hans Küng's *Infallibility?* would easily supply it.

THE CHURCH WAS *not* in any special crisis when the Second Vatican Council was convened in 1962. On the contrary, it was in a particularly flourishing state, institutionally, intellectually and religiously. As John Lukacs pointed out in 1959 (in his introduction to Alexis de Tocqueville's *The European Revolution*), "for the first time since the Counter-Reformation, conversions have been flowing almost unilaterally toward Catholicism." But today, after the Council, the entire trend has been reversed: institutionally, intellectually, religiously, the Church is under attack, is falling back, is in crisis. Why? Because the spirit of *aggiornamento* has spread its demoralization in the Church. There have always been those who resented the magisterial and disciplinary authority of the Church; but, so long as the armature of hierarchical discipline remained intact, they held themselves in check and gave little cause for scandal.

After Vatican II, however, under cover of the false and misleading notion of *aggiornamento*, the Catholic "liberals" have thrown off all restraints, with the consequences Professor Rice so well documents: defection of priests and even some bishops, repudiation of their vows by a not inconsiderable number of nuns, rejection of basic Church teachings by numbers of professional theologians, an alarming shrinkage of vocations, and the halting of Catholic advance on almost every front. This is the crisis in which the Catholic Church finds itself today, a crisis of demoralization and defection. The present Pope, Paul VI, has made valiant and, on the whole, not ineffective efforts to stem the tide and check the forces of dissolution, but the crisis still remains.

Of course, the Church will, in the end, overcome the present crisis and recover its health, as Professor Rice emphasizes. For all its unpleasantness, the present crisis is neither the first nor the worst in the Church's history, although it is marked by some features peculiar to our "enlightened" and secularized age. And, in a certain sense, the Church has always been involved in recurring crises, as it was bound to be. That does not, of course, make the present crisis less formidable; nor does it diminish the responsibility of every genuine Catholic, and even of every non-Catholic friend of the Church, to resist and combat it. In this effort, Professor Rice's book possesses a double value. It is itself a powerful instrument in the struggle against those who, out of various motives, are so busy undermining the Church and its authority; and, since it is written with lucidity and force, it will, hopefully, provide others with the information, illumination and understanding so necessary in meeting this present crisis of faith and authority in the Roman Catholic Church. □

The First Sex
By Elizabeth Gould Davis
Putnam, 382 pp., $7.95

WHAT REALLY WENT ON IN EDEN

JOHN GREENWAY

It is not widely known that the Scriptural story about an Adam in the Garden of Eden is a beastly masculist lie. Our Paradisiacal foremothers were Eve and another blue-eyed Irishwoman, who made the human race by clitoral stimulation. Fatherhood, you see, did not even exist until five thousand years ago. Indeed, this whole earthly business was the offhand work of a Great Goddess who allowed a super-race to develop, but, distracted by a ghastly crisis in an episode of *As the World Turns* (which She was watching on the telly while doing the cosmic ironing), She overlooked the accidental breaking of a female chromosome producing the monstrous mutation of maleness.

So appeared the abominations we know as the Adamitic Neanderthals—squat, hairy, browless, chinless, slack-lipped and slobbering, as they appear in drawings leaked by the Great Goddess to *Life*. On a crash program She created the hairless, feminist, huge-brained, Irish Cro-Magnons to set things right, but their qualities of mercy were strained and somehow they could not overcome. She tried other expedients against the *male*volence in the world, like sending down her parthenogenetically conceived son, Jesus, in a spaceship. No way. They nailed Him to a cross and She had to come down Herself as Mary to purge the Sodoms and Gomorrahs of maleness. She was doing a pretty good job—for a woman—and then this omnipotent Goddess was ordered back to the firmament. Now and then She sneaks away from the Heavenly bridge club and returns briefly —as at Lourdes, Orleans, Fatima, and in the dreamier parts of Robert Graves' mind. Through her demiurgeous daughters She invented agriculture, weaving, justice, law, ceramics, cities, art, peace and stuff like that, all demonstrating that women are in every way dominant over men; but the hell of it now is that men won't let women be superior any more.

Civilization consequently is sick unto death, and social reforms are a stinking bandage on a putrefying wound. Only the complete and total [sic] demolition of the social body will cure the fatal illness, only the overthrow of the beast of masculist materialism will save the race. To that holy end women must resolve to

Never wear those D-cup bras,
The gentlemen to please;
Let us burn the damned things up
And let our tits hang to our knees.

THERE IT IS—the thesis of the nut book of the year, purged of its documentation from nearly every discredited authority ever allowed to set chisel to stone or pen to paper. I have experience and some certification of authority in several scholarly fields through which Davis tramples in her hobnailed boots —anthropology, archaeology, mythology and linguistics, and I must say I have never before seen so much palpable nonsense gathered in one book, not even in Dee Brown's best-selling *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, on whose first page I found 45 errors (not thirteen, as I alleged in *NR* a couple of months ago). Bitter, brainless absurdity pervades every page; almost nothing she says is right, for she is quite unable to distinguish between fraud and fact, probability and impossibility. For her, "it is written" is all the imprimatur she needs for authenticity. Daniel Ellsberg is as good an authority on morals as St.

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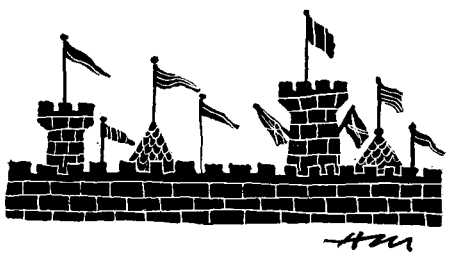
Thomas Aquinas, and the *New York Times* equates with Scripture. Once in a while, like those hypothetical typewriting monkeys in the British Museum, she stumbles on fact, but never does she understand it. She says women are dominant among her beloved red-haired, blue-eyed Celts. True enough—that's why most Irishmen are on the gargle.

She does not even know very much about sex—a curious ignorance for a Women's Lip leader. She thinks the fat-buttocked Paleolithic "Venuses," whose originals must have dressed out at about three hundred pounds, are "dainty" pregnant women—an idea tenable only to someone who believes unborn babies are carried in the arse. In her experience, some penes are small as warts and some clitorises as long as bananas. In my ethnographic observation the only place that kind of gynandry is endemic is 42nd Street east of Eighth Avenue.

DO NOT GET the idea that its innumerable ignorances, errors and invidious comparisons of sexual parts make this a funny book. It is heavy as lead and nasty enough to become as her publisher claims (commenting on her "vociferous [sic] reading") the handbook of the Women's Liberation movement. I do love the ladies and will gladly suffer from them as much traditional silli-



ness as it pleases them to exercise. But when this poor nation is beaten to its knees by enemies without and idiots within, I must take my stand with Anthony Ludovici, who wrote so long ago: "Feminism, by striking nearer the roots of life, is perhaps more dangerous to Civilization and the Race, than Democracy itself."

Today the eternal note of sadness is stronger than it was when Arnold in despair called for a man and his woman to stand together against the world—"Ah, love, let us be true to one another." I will not have this last certitude rubbished by the carrion-eaters of the Women's Liberation movement. We are seemingly helpless against the exterior wolves and the interior hyenas, but we must not submit to the dung-beetles. □

The Appeal of Fascism
By Alastair Hamilton
Macmillan, 310 pages, $7.95

FASCISMS

JEFFREY HART

An extraordinary number of books has been appearing recently on the subject of fascism, the majority of them concerned specifically with the Third Reich. A quick check at a local bookstore in New York revealed some twenty new titles, and further digging would no doubt have turned up more. In general, moreover, the intellectual quality of these books has been high. Eschewing polemics and moral posturing, they have sought understanding and have succeeded in throwing a good deal of fresh light on the entire matter. (In addition to Albert Speer, and to the present book by Alastair Hamilton, I would particularly recommend Richard Hauser's *Putsch*, James Douglas-Hamilton's book on Rudolph Hess, Kedward's *Fascism*, and Grunberger's *The Twelve Year Reich.*)

It is tempting to speculate about the reasons for this sudden rush of books. Perhaps we have reached the point in time best suited for scholarly treatment of the fascist period—just far enough removed for objectivity, yet also close enough for the events themselves to remain within living memory, while the records, letters, diaries and so on are now pretty much available.

But a second reason also suggests itself. During the 1960s the social fabric in the West, and especially in the United States, came under sustained attack, and the possibility that our institutions might break down seemed—indeed still seems—real enough. Were we in a Weimar phase? The European Twenties and Thirties became a potentially relevant past. What, exactly, did happen fifty years ago, when there occurred widespread institutional breakdown and various authoritarian regimes, espousing a variety of doctrines, came to power?

My own reading of the extensive literature alluded to above issues in the conclusion that the fascist phenomenon must be conceptually "divided" in two basic ways. First, it is quite misleading to apply the term "fascism" to disparate regimes in Germany, Italy and Spain, let alone to the Action Française or to the Vichy government in its various phases. The first division of the subject, therefore, should be made according to nation.

Next, moving inside a particular nation, another kind of division is called for. It seems to me useful to ask such questions as the following: a) What did National Socialism signify as far as Adolf Hitler was concerned? b) What did it mean to his immediate circle, to such men as Goering, Hess, Speer, Goebbels, Rosenberg, Himmler and so on? c) What did it mean to the intellectuals, journalists and so forth who supported it at one point or another? And finally, d) what was it from the perspective of the man in the street, and how did it impinge on his daily life? Each of these questions gives rise to a different answer, and therefore to a different meaning for "fascism" as applied to Germany.

The Appeal of Fascism addresses itself principally to question "c" above, and investigates the appeal of the various fascisms to intellectuals in Italy, Germany, France and England. It is not clear why Hamilton omits Spain and the Falangist movement led by José Antonio, or, for that matter, why he omits Salazar's regime in Portugal, but these omissions are my only complaint, for Hamilton's book is a brilliant contribution to the literature on the subject.

The life of the book is in its details, but a few important conclusions can be mentioned here. Italian fascism possessed a widespread appeal among intellectuals. The philosopher Gentile held a post in the regime; others, such as Marinetti, Croce, Pirandello and Malaparte were at one time or another enthusiastic about the Duce. The regime could also point to real accomplishments. "The eighteen months that followed the March on Rome," recorded the Belgian ambassador, "were a period of relief and security, the usual result of the establishment of strong government. Fascism restored order wherever it could make its iron hand felt, in the countryside as well as in the towns. The railways were closely watched by the Black Shirts, and the passenger no longer traveled in dread of having his luggage stolen. All the public services functioned perfectly."

Nazism, in contrast, attracted far fewer reputable intellectual supporters,

John Greenway *is Professor of Anthropology at the University of Colorado.* . . . **Ronald Berman** *is Professor of English at the University of California at San Diego.*

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Volumes IV, V and VI of the unexpurgated *Diary of Samuel Pepys* from U of California Press ($28.50 per set). . . . *The Complete Stories of Flannery O'Connor* includes twelve never before in book form (Farrar, $10). . . . *Magellan* is a life by Edouard Roditi (Herder & Herder, $9.50). . . . Random House will push hard for Robert Penn Warren's new novel, *Meet Me in the Green Glen* ($7.95). . . . *Glory* is the last of Nabokov's early Russian novels to appear in English (McGraw-Hill, $7.95).

Now it's a novel about the McCarthy probes, Mary Elizabeth Witherspoon's *The Seekers* (Macmillan, $7.95). . . . *Skiing: The Killy Way* is by master skier Jean-Claude (Simon & Schuster, $5.95). . . . Neil R. McMillen explores the rise and fall of the "Never" movement in *The Citizen's Council: Organized Resistance to the Second Reconstruction, 1954-1964* (U of Illinois, $10.95).

■ OCTOBER CHRISTMAS BOOKS: *Tribute to the Thirties* features thumbnail bios by Horst, photos by Horst and Hoyningen-Huene (Viking, $15.95). From the same publisher, two other lavishly illustrated volumes: G. N. Georgana's *The Encyclopedia of Motorsport* ($25) and a collection of Alfred Eisenstaedt's outdoor photography, *Witness to Nature* ($16.95). . . . Pauline Kael's *The Citizen Kane Book* also includes the shooting script and stills from the movie (Little, Brown, $15). . . . Geoffrey Parrinder of the University of London surveys *Religions of the World* from pre-history to today (Grosset & Dunlap, $14.95).

A Century of College Humor should appeal to those who never got beyond it. Arranged by decade by Dan Carlinsky (Random House, $12.95). . . . *The Art of the Old West*, by Paul A. Rossi and David C. Hunt, is richly illustrated (Knopf; $25 till Dec. 31; then $30). . . . Hugh Johnson compiles *The World Atlas of Wine* by region (Simon & Schuster, $25). . . . *The Brandywine Heritage* offers the art of Howard Pyle, N. C. Wyeth, Andrew and James Wyeth (N.Y. Graphic, $14.50).

■ OUT NEXT MONTH: It was Pete Hamill himself who named his new book *Irrational Ravings* (Putnam, $7.95). . . . Terence Prittie has a new bio of *Adenauer* (Cowles, $8.95). . . . Louis FitzGibbon's *Katyn* is the anatomy of a classic Red atrocity (Scribner, $10). . . . *Tracy and Hepburn* is billed as an intimate portrait by Garson Kanin, who was their close friend (Viking, $7.95). . . . *Never Again!* avows Rabbi Meir Kahane (Nash, $6.95). . . . *Courage and Hesitation* is how Allen Drury sums up his portrait of the Nixon White House. Photos by Fred Maroon (Doubleday, $14.95).

and, compared with the Italian movement, it was both more regimented and —a key point—much more seriously revolutionary. Hitler, for example, who had admired Mussolini from afar, was appalled by the Duce's accommodation with the Vatican and with the monarchy, and repelled by what struck him as the musty and reactionary atmosphere in Rome. Hitler, as well as some of his top aides, was serious about the need for a "new order." Richard Hauser in *Putsch* shows the importance of Hitler's prewar Munich experience and, above all, the importance of his four years in the trenches. Hitler found his first real home in the army, served throughout the war in the frontlines, highly valued the comradeship, was wounded, gassed and repeatedly decorated for bravery. He returned to find the nation in a state of collapse, the uniform reviled, and the political scene swarming with socialists, Communists, Spartacists and so on. His movement was, accordingly, in an important sense a "militarization" of politics. His experience on the Western Front, transmuted, became the model for street action, rally, and finally chancellory.

The movement around Charles Maurras and the Action Française, in contrast to both Nazism and Italian Fascism, was a more broadly conservative phenomenon with roots going back to 1789. After the Fall of France, the Vichy government attempted to embody some of its economic and social ideas, but was under impossible pressure from the German authorities in Paris. Significantly enough Hitler viewed the Action Française types as hopeless reactionaries, though he revered Pétain as a fellow fighter from the old days on the Western Front.

Though Hitler, Mussolini and Pétain —as well as Franco and Salazar—came to power to save crumbling situations and were widely looked to as "restorers of order," the kinds of order they "restored" were very different indeed. I think it is safe to say that the reinterpretation of the history of the period 1918-1945 has only begun, and will prove to be one of the important intellectual tasks of the coming decades. □

T. S. Eliot: A Memoir
By Robert Sencourt
Dodd, Mead, 310 pp., $8.95

TO CRITICIZE THE POET

RONALD BERMAN

The laboratory conditions of classroom study are bad for poetry and the understanding of human life. What often happens is that an instructor, under the pressure of time and his own conceptions, imposes a meaning upon verse that will endure an examination. The students then know that *The Waste Land* refers to the decline of Western culture, and that their teacher is broadly sympathetic to Eliot's despair. They absorb the allusions and comprehend the method; should any of them recall the poem in later life it is as a form of cultural eschatology. This is at least demiscientific and has the advantage of powerful and rapid communication to those sensitive enough for anxiety.

The value of memoir is that it contaminates such purity. It makes the act of reading poetry uncertain because biography does not depend on ideas, which are reductive, and because we cannot impose the intentional fallacy on life's disorderliness. Some of the material now available on Eliot, exemplified by this book, demands that we qualify our natural instinct for positivism; as Sencourt reminds us, Eliot himself said that there was no such thing as the disillusionment of an age. Sencourt suggests some things, in fact, not tolerable to modern criticism: one of them is that the tone of *The Waste Land* may be related to Eliot's desperately unhappy first marriage rather than to *From Ritual to Romance*. The poem may be the act of a man working his way through a nervous breakdown—its allusions and learned plagiarisms not being assimilated by a structure, but forcing notice of the rejection of unity. In short, this book takes us back to the virtues and failings of biographical criticism, interpreting Eliot as we would once have simplemindedly interpreted Keats or Tennyson. Within limits, this is a good thing.

There is a great deal of information here not readily applicable to Eliot's work. For those who simply want to

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find out about intellectual life during the early part of the century this is a considerable supplement to the autobiography of Leonard Woolf and the letters of D. H. Lawrence. With the information we now have on the lives of Woolf, Strachey, Pound, Joyce and others it becomes possible to see this era in a way not clear before. Unlike the old-style memoir, of which this is a descendant, there is a good deal more frankness about sex and neurosis, among other things. It is attuned, like modern writing itself, to discords. But it is not this quality of revelation that makes a rather placid and amateur book exciting. I think the comments on poetry are not very intense; that the author's friendship for the subject is sometimes a barrier to judgment; and that the methods, depending on memory and its selectiveness, are not rigorous.

THE EXCITEMENT is conveyed by the recollection of manners and the attempt to establish character. There is useful information on Eliot's early life: his employment as schoolmaster and later as banker and editor; his style of dress and conversation; even his famous congeniality. There is a bundle of anecdote about the friendship, rivalries and amours of London life. Sencourt does not have the talent of exclusion, still less that of dominating a subject by style, but we can drag out of his text implications about which to satisfy our hunger to know things not entirely our business.

I think the book's central value lies in its account of passages in Eliot's life unknown or misunderstood. Although full of circumlocution it is a starting point for the study of Vivienne Eliot and the misfortune she brought her husband. Like Zelda Fitzgerald, a contemporary whom in some ways she resembled, she was beautiful, ambitious and mad. Sencourt met the Eliots, in fact, when he was a patient in a sanatorium to which they had both come for treatment. The account of Mrs. Eliot seems intentionally superficial but there is at least a sketch of her married life and some insight into the effect she had upon her husband. A second important subject is Eliot's retreat into religious life, a third his relationship with other intellectuals. One can afford sympathetically, if that is possible, to disregard Sencourt's commentary on the plays and poetry but his physical presence in Eliot's life is another matter. There is something to be learned from the raw information he conveys and by his attempts to understand, explain and make patterns. The latter are not subtle and are often too damned decorous, but he is conscious of the fact that nervous irony was as characteristic of Eliot's life as of his style; that there were extraordinary currents in his thought and personal relationships. Yet one more book to make things more difficult, just when we were sure that everything had been formulated, pinned wriggling to the wall. □

The Socialist Myth
By Peregrine Worsthorne
Weybright & Talley, 256 pp., $6.95

DILEMMA OF SOCIALISM

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Peregrine Worsthorne, Deputy Editor and chief columnist of the *London Sunday Telegraph*, is one of the most graceful and intellectually entertaining of English political writers today. I first met him many years ago, when he used to write occasional articles for a magazine called *Time and Tide*, of which I was editor. Unfortunately the proprietor, Lady Rhondda, came to frown on him, because she thought he had written something favorable about Roosevelt.

In vain I tried to persuade her that this was most improbable, since he was a convinced, romantic conservative. It still seems improbable, but not impossible, for Mr. Worsthorne's judgment is occasionally erratic. With courageous honesty he reprints, in his book *The Socialist Myth*, an article he wrote in 1964, when Harold Wilson first came to power, saying that he found the prospect "positively exciting," because he expected Mr. Wilson to prove "a formidable premier, the first passionately radical leader this country has ever experienced in peacetime." That his expectation was totally wrong, he freely admits: but, for me, the significant point is the frivolity with which he welcomed a political prospect that on principle should have appalled him. He is not, in other words, a completely serious commentator. He is too fond of paradox for its own sake.

This weakness combines with his virtues to make *The Socialist Myth*, which is his first full-length book, immensely readable and stimulating, marred only, perhaps, by a certain tendency to tell us what he's going to tell us, then to tell us, and then to tell us what he's told us.

Although it is primarily about the fate of Britain's recent Labor government, American readers should not be deterred, for Mr. Worsthorne's message is just as applicable to them. He is discussing, not so much a particular episode in British politics as what he claims to be the inevitable dilemma of all non-Communist Socialist governments.

HIS ARGUMENT IS this:—A Socialist government, by its nature, is much more ambitious than a conservative government. Its whole function, its raison d'être, is to plan and control the economy, in small things as well as in large. So huge and complicated a task clearly needs—much more than a Conservative government ever needs—a skilled, dedicated and authoritative ruling class; but the egalitarian ideology of Socialism actively prevents any such class from emerging. The working class, which most Socialist parties claim to represent, will never, in practice, carry a Socialist government along on that great wave of popular enthusiasm which the philosophers of the moderate Left used to expect. The workers in a nationalized industry no more feel that the industry belongs to them than soldiers feel that the army belongs to them. Management still exists and still gives the orders; and, in a planned economy, the workers will actually find their freedom more constricted than before. Mr. Wilson's Labor government foundered on precisely this rock. Its economic policies could make no sense unless wages were controlled too; but the attempt to control them alienated the

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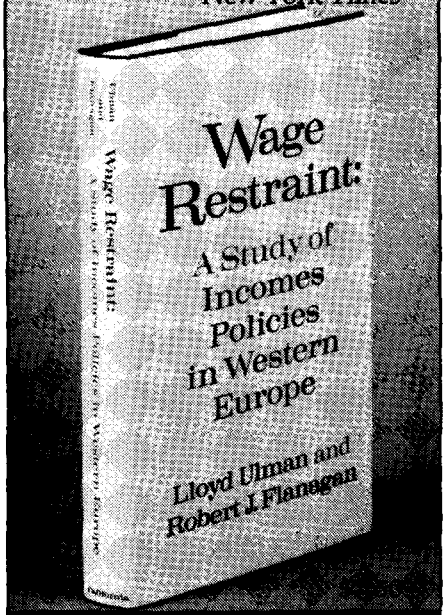

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unions, on whose support the Labor Party relies.

Accepting, however reluctantly, the need for financial incentives in a mixed economy, the Labor government gave big salaries to the heads of nationalized industries and made no very direct attack on private wealth. But, under Socialist regimes of this kind, the rich have no sense of security and no sense of obligation. They cannot build for the future and, since family tradition and a superior education are actually at a discount, they are encouraged merely to consume their money, unobtrusively, as though it were something to be ashamed of. They do not develop, therefore, into a responsible ruling class.

The old aristocracy, meanwhile, is derided, excluded and subjected to crushing taxation. The nearest thing to a new aristocracy are the intellectuals. But they are rootless, undisciplined, in the strictest sense irresponsible. For various reasons, their instincts tend to the Left, but this makes them—as it made them in Britain—particularly resentful of a Socialist government, which in the exercise of practical politics, seems to them to be betraying pure socialist principles.

The same dilemma, Mr. Worsthorne argues, is beginning to be felt in the United States. For much of her history, America has been able to do without a clearly ruling class, but, as socialism advances there too, a new cadre is needed to administer it. Populist leadership will no longer suffice. The policies required, both for tackling America's domestic problems and for the prudent exercise of her power in world affairs, may run sharply against the grain of popular sentiment. Only a kind of aristocracy, personally secure and with an inherited sense of responsibility, can carry such policies through. The lack of a ruling class has been cruelly illustrated lately by the inadequacy of men like Lieutenant Calley and by the disastrous carping of conscience-stricken intellectuals who render any coherent foreign policy almost impossible.

MR. WORSTHORNE knows America well but he is curiously starry-eyed about Eugene McCarthy, whom he regards as a conservative aristocrat in the traditional British mold. (So perhaps he really did say something nice about Roosevelt?) Indeed he seems altogether dangerously apt to take left-wing slogans at their face value. He talks, for example, of the "classless society" as being the aim of socialism. But this, of course, would be absurd. There can be no such animal. What socialists aim at is a class structure based, not on wealth or birth, but on political function in the socialist state—a very nasty idea.

Mr. Worsthorne's use of words like "capitalism," "privilege" and "social justice" is also confusing. Sometimes he is simply using them in the context of socialist jargon, sometimes he uses them as though they had an objective meaning. These words, and others like them, are such important ideological weapons that they need much more careful handling.

But this is not a careful book. It is a scintillating presentation of an ingenious and at least partly true argument. Democratic socialism does entail the exercise of very far-reaching governmental powers and does require that they should be willingly complied with; but democratic socialism also erodes both the natural structure of authority and the habit of obedience. The inevitable result is that, in order to survive, Socialist governments tend either to become less socialist or to become less democratic and to slip further and further into tyranny. □

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tells about
Lieutenant William L. Calley

Lieutenant Calley
His Own Story
as told to John Sack

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

ALIENATION AND THE SOVIET ECONOMY, *by Paul Craig Roberts (University of New Mexico Press, 121 pp., $6).* The uncritical acceptance by Western observers of the supposed achievements brought about by central planning in the Soviet Union is subjected to a devastating critique in this short but powerful collection of scholarly essays. Roberts, a student of Michael Polanyi's, conclusively shows that the only serious attempt to impose a true Marxian scheme of economic organization in Russia was during the War Communism period of 1918-1920, and that was a catastrophic failure, by Lenin's own admission. Since that time the Soviet economy has been characterized by "polycentricity" (in contrast to the hierarchical structure which true Marxian planning calls for). It cannot be otherwise, Roberts demonstrates, for although the planning authority may have political power to intervene directly into the affairs of all firms, it is practically impossible to exercise this power over more than a small fraction of enterprises at any one time. Quoting the Hungarian economist Liska, Roberts notes that the true primary function of the planning bureaucracy is to direct its activities to overcoming the problems created by its own existence. The most important contribution made by Roberts in this gem of a book is his carefully documented indictment of most Western scholarship concerned with Soviet economics, a scholarship which "has been effective in producing interpretations that provide historical justification for every turn of Soviet events and in blinding the world to the important role played by folly in Soviet experience."

J. B. BURNHAM

PRINTING TYPES: *An Introduction, by Alexander Lawson (Beacon, 119 pp., $9.95).* A useful enough book, I suppose, for the booklover, the neophyte typophile or the curious person who knows he likes some typefaces and dislikes others, but really isn't sure why. The chapter on type manufacture yesterday and today is well done and nicely illustrated. The bulk of the book is devoted to a chapter that dismisses earlier attempts to impose a classification system on the five thousand or so typefaces in use today, and offers Mr. Lawson's own proposal (a sensible enough one so far as it goes—but typography still awaits its Linnaeus). Lots of typefaces are illustrated, but nowhere nearly enough of them. An introduction, yes, but only that; and to charge ten bucks for so slender a thing ought to be an indictable offense.

C. H. SIMONDS

THE TERRIBLE YEAR. *The Paris Commune, 1871, by Alistair Horne (Viking, 172 pages, $12.50).* It was *la semaine sanglante*, when twenty or thirty thousand citizens were slaughtered by their fellow citizens in the City of Light, more than were killed in any single battle of the Franco-Prussian War, or in the Terror of the Great Revolution, or even in Lenin's October Revolution in St. Petersburg in 1917. Author of *The Fall of Paris*, Mr. Horne is expert in his subject and here makes clear just what the Commune was—not really Communist or socialist or Marxist, but dominated by Jacobins and Blanquists, and a slogan—the 1968 student rebels shouted *"Vive la Commune!"* and hadn't a whiff of a notion of what they meant by the words—signifying the demand for municipal independence for Paris. "They were madmen," said Auguste Renoir, having narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Communards, "but they had in them that little flame which never dies." The text of Mr. Horne's fourth book on French history is clear, witty, reserved, but the best thing about it is its wealth of photographs, drawings, cartoons, color paintings and maps. I've a teen-age girl in mind who will have *The Terrible Year* as her birthday gift this month; history not made easy, but made ever so much more exciting than most of what she'll be fed in high school this year.

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

THE LETTERS OF MERCURIUS, *(Harvard, 106 pp., $4).* It is perhaps doubly revealing that letters of social commentary which appeared in England in the *Spectator* should in this country appear under the aegis of a university press. Granted that they deal in great part with the current blight on the groves of academe—a proper subject for a university press, to be sure—it is nonetheless worthy of note that the English tradition of humane letters which makes it possible for mock seventeenth-century epistles (recounting the actions of the "fanatiques") to appear in a national magazine, does not obtain here, and worthy of note also that our commercial publishers prefer accentuating the new and rebellious to defending the old and proper. Yet the tradition ought to be one of our chief guards against the "fanatiques," and it is much to be regretted that defense of propriety is not deemed to be commercially viable. As done here by the pseudonymous Mercurius it is, however, good fun as well as good sense—all the better because, in the late C. S. Lewis' phrase, the author, in making his points, treads not in brogans but in slippers.

J. C. LOBDELL

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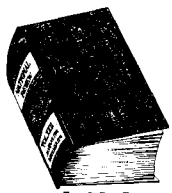

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Arts & Manners

DANCE

RUTH BERENSON

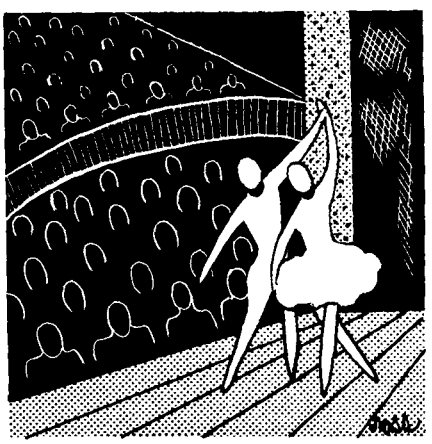
Pillow Talk

Every summer the Berkshire Mountains of western Massachusetts are transformed from their usual somnolent state (there *is* skiing in the winter, but it's not as good as in Vermont and New Hampshire) into a cultural gourmet's paradise. Everything from concerts by pennywhistlers to lectures on the art of falconry is set out to lure the passing tourist, but for me, who am an inveterate dance enthusiast, the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is the star attraction, the equivalent of Tanglewood (in the same Berkshire corner) for music lovers, and nearby Stockbridge and Williamstown for theater buffs.

Dance recitals at Jacob's Pillow, whether of classical ballet, modern or—hateful word—"ethnic" dance, have a fresh improvised air that is endearing. Even though the Festival will celebrate its fortieth consecutive season next year, and though the simple barnlike theater is, as the publicity release emphasizes, "the first and only theater in the Western Hemisphere built and used exclusively for the art of the dance," there's nothing pretentious or solemn about it. Jacob's Pillow, in Lee, Massachusetts, is fun.

You get a feeling of what it's like as soon as you see the wildly gesticulating kids—students at the University of the Dance, which has its headquarters at the Pillow every summer—telling you where to park in the grassy meadow fronting the theater. People come early to wander around munching sunflower seeds (terribly healthy) sold at a kiosk to benefit the scholarship fund. Everybody talks to everybody, and it's not rare to see a behatted New England matron buy a souvenir program and chat with a barefoot long-hair she'd be scared to death of back home. Here at the Pillow he looks fine.

The performance, signaled by the ringing of a cowbell and preceded by a rousing recording of the Star Spangled Banner (in which the audience often joins), is introduced by John Christian, the Pillow's dapper executive director, or, on matinees and special occasions, by Ted Shawn, founder and artistic director, who will celebrate his eightieth birthday in October and whose erect stance and tall slim figure recall his distinguished career as a dancer. The description of the coming performance and its principals (including who's married to whom), their training and experience gives the audience a sense of participation in what follows.



Jacob's Pillow, while not stony broke, finds it harder and harder to compete financially with the government-supported art centers and universities whose sponsorship of dance has made it possible, after years of struggle, for at least the established members of the profession to earn a living through their art. This means that the general performance level at the Pillow is often not quite up to what the best of the New York dance season, for instance, offers—unless, as frequently happens, famous dancers volunteer to come to the Pillow for less than their usual fee, in gratitude for having appeared there when they were young and starting out. But it also means that you are apt to see dancers there whose later careers will make headlines. It has always been the Pillow's policy to ferret out promising performers and choreographers and give them exposure.

This season, following its usual practice, Jacob's Pillow presented two contrasting performances each week. In July, the versatile classical star of the New York City Ballet, Edward Villella, and his partner, Susan Hendl, were paired with the Cincinnati Ballet, one of the many provincial companies whose progress has been assisted by Pillow appearances. Later in the summer we saw the Boston Ballet (which came off rather poorly in its attempts at rendering Balanchine) and the Minnesota Dance Theater. The latter's mounting of "La Rencontre," an excerpt from Cocteau's famous ballet of the 1920s, *La Machine infernale*, with choreography by the great David Lichine, was hampered by the company's immaturity, but the project was worthwhile; why, one wonders, doesn't a major troupe—American Ballet Theater, for instance—resurrect this ballet in toto?

Since Ted Shawn made his reputation in the 1920s and 1930s with his adaptations (and those of his late wife, Ruth St. Denis) of the dances of India, Japan, Spain and the American Indian, "ethnic" dance is always given equal billing with classical ballet and more modern forms; students must attend classes in all three branches. This year there were two Spanish companies, a Japanese, the exquisite Sahoma Tachibana, and the Hindu dancer, fiery Ritha Devi. Mime (a class taught by Shawn himself) was represented by Claude Kipnis, a talented pupil of the great French mime, Marcel Marceau.

Modern dance, however, is the Pillow's forte. Norman Walker, formerly of the Joffrey Ballet, was this summer's choreographer-in-residence and managed to mount four world premieres in the span of ten weeks—no small achievement, especially since one was for advanced students whose technical know-how was necessarily limited. The debut of Lar Lubovitch, whose lyricism has its roots simultaneously in classical ballet and in the Graham tradition, was noteworthy though his choreography suffered from an addiction to masks and other extraneous props. In *Some of the Reactions of*

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Some of the People Some of the Time upon Hearing Reports of the Coming of the Messiah, Handel's music was unaccountably interrupted by a pointless interval in which the white-robed company cavorted to a tambourine.

The highlight of the summer was the brilliant and exciting debut of Billy Wilson and the Afro-American Dance Company of Roxbury, Mass. Wilson, one of the few but growing number of black dancers trained entirely in classical ballet, has taught not only at Brandeis but, more surprisingly, at the exclusive prep school, St. Paul's, which incorporated dance into its curriculum two years ago. The company he has gathered together bids fair to rival the one recruited in Harlem by Arthur Mitchell of the New York City Ballet, though the latter has received more publicity.

Even people who still harbor the suspicion that dance is high-fallutin' and something for culture-vultures only may find that Jacob's Pillow is a good place in which to dabble at least their big toe. It may make converts of them—and if not, they can always get healthy eating sunflower seeds. □

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Home on the Range

House on the range, to be more exact, which is what *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* build for a new frontier town, Presbyterian Church, up in the Pacific Northwest in 1902. The film is a "Western" with a difference, the difference being its whole unorthodox, demythologizing tone. Robert Altman, of *M*A*S*H*, tells us how it really was: disagreeable, raunchy, uncomfortable, filled with petty people mucking about in petty pursuits, exemplifying the banality of evil (yes, there are baddies bent on mayhem) and the incidentality of goodness. The story tells of a rather luckless gambler and a madam who set up an elegant bordello for the delectation of locals used to much, much less. The film is directed with an obdurate devotion to avoiding clichés, and with tightly controlled apparent casualness, and it reveals a near-reverence for the average man, reverence notably absent in most Westerns.

Altman gives us Julie Christie in what the trade mags would call her Most Stunning Performance, and superlative is about all I can add to that; and Warren Beatty, by no means merely the talented George Hamilton he once appeared to be, in a display of film intelligence infrequently seen in American films. Too gruff, too tightly coiled to declare his love, McCabe can only relate to Mrs. Miller as to the higher-priced whore she fancies herself, while she, no chippie-with-heart-of-gold, makes a stab at being a totally tough broad, but fails. The film is photographed by Vilmos Zsigmond: all mauves and browns and green trees and dirty snow (and clean snow for an instant) and McCabe's awful death and Mrs. Miller's opium-glazed escapism at the end, when she smokes herself into insensateness in a den of Chinese coolies. The film is Art, no less.

HOME to Federico Fellini, late of the abominable *Satyricon*, was the circus of his youthful awakening, and to it he brings us in *The Clowns*. Not merely a documentary about the declining circus buffoons, though it is that too, and was made originally for Italian television, *The Clowns* is another of Fellini's tolerant, loving, intimate probings into the nature of mankind, seen here through a warm and never cloying juxtaposition of the clown and the ostensibly non-clown who is you and me. Running the gamut of emotions from joyful hilarity in the ring to the pathos of the old clowns lost in their memories, Fellini's beautiful film awakens the child—and, I hope, the mensch—in us all.

Pierrot and Auguste, the "white" Establishment clown and the eternal tramp: The traditional circus humorists strut their stuff midst brief reminiscences by the retired ones and ingratiating camera business by Fellini and his crew. Little in-jokes, like that of the Italian lion-tamer training his animals in German, "the only human language they understand," are few, fortunately. The bulk of the film is clowns, clowns and more clowns, some in, some never in any way connected with, the circus. Memory, fantasy, life under the big tent, *The Clowns* has it all. Bravo, Federico; bravi, pagliacci!

I am just an ordinary man; leave me alone, they say, the conformists of the world, tolerating the beastliness of their governments, doing tyrants' bidding, shoving the six million into the ovens, and more, much more, in every totalitarian despotism of the twentieth century and before. And in Italy, homeland of fascism as word and concept, the same quest to fit in, the same yearning to be accepted, to find a psychological roost, provided the theme for Alberto Moravia's novel, *The Conformist*. Now brought to film by the gifted thirty-year-old Bernardo Bertolucci, the movie evokes the spirit of the 1930s in Italy and France with a mastery of craft superior to that of his countryman Visconti's *The Damned* of last year.

The conformist is Marcello Clerici, acted with nerve and gut-gripping intensity by Jean-Louis Trintignant, one of Europe's finest young actors. Clerici marries a supposedly *Kinder und Kuche* flibbertygibbet flapper, Stefania Sandrelli, and simultaneously weds himself to the fascists, offering himself as the assassin of an antifascist professor in exile in Paris. The latter's wife, played erotically, I should say caressingly, by Dominique Sanda, is something of a lesbian with a yen for Clerici's wife, while Clerici is not a little repressedly homosexual, from which we get some business about the Right's vaunted penchant for the closet. This aspect is hung awkwardly, pendulously on the film and, like most psychosexual treatments of politics, is rather silly. But aside from that, which may be obligatory in these left-wing treatments of the Right, the movie is just right. Every nuance, every set, every sound, evokes either Mussolini's monumentally grim Italia or France as invaded by one fascist bent on rooting out nonconformism in order to prove his fidelity to the gang back home.

And finally, quite enough for this month, home is where the boy-man

---

Ruth Berenson, *a lover of and scholar of the arts, is at work on a big book about nineteenth-century German painting. She is the author, with her husband Norbert Muhlen, of a study of Georg Grosz, and writes frequently for German periodicals. . . .* **Martin Williams** *reports two projects in the works: a book on pioneer film-maker D. W. Griffith, and a theoretical-historical study of television. . . .* **David Brudnoy** *reminds us that he is teaching this fall at Boston College.*

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beasts plant their seed, whence *Carnal Knowledge*, Mike Nichols' repellent version of Jules Feiffer's gross little story of two jerks and the girls they bang. We encounter students Jonathan (Jack Nicholson) and Sandy (Arthur Garfunkel, *né* Simon and) at Amherst in the Forties. We follow them through Smithie Susan (Candice Bergen, who remains forever *The Group*'s Lakey, alas), to Bobbie (Ann-Margret, stupendous both mammarily and theatrically) in the Fifties, to Cynthia O'Neal as a clip-chop smoothie in the Sixties, and at rock-bottom last, to Rita Moreno in 1971 as a prostitute who can bring off Jonathan only by intoning a slavering litany to his big manly virtues.

Middle-class sex is dirty, dirty and exploitative and tainted, Nichols lectures us, and Jonathan is Misogynist Writ Large while Sandy is Eternal Little Boy. Both deserve to be Millett-malleted, but instead undo themselves. Garfunkel and the ladies, except for the remarkable Miss -Margret, are dreary enough, but Nicholson, who clouts us with everything in him, is too much even for me, an aficionado of the Majestic Performance. The bravado acting is matched by the brazen over-writing, and the movie depressed me no end. □

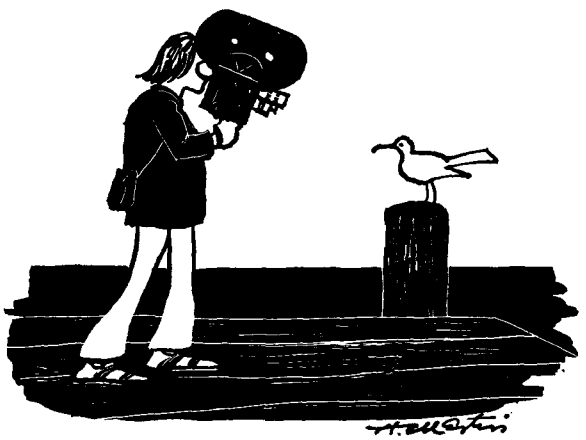
VIDEO

MARTIN WILLIAMS

Invasion of the Hollywoodites

Whatever else may be said about the network TV season, 1971-72, one thing is certain: There will be less of it. The FCC has decreed that local channels must carry fewer network hours, and as a result, NBC, CBS and ABC evening programming will begin a half-hour later, except on Tuesday for some reason.

The FCC action is the result of a bit of wholly misguided idealism. The agency wants to encourage more creative, locally oriented programming. Nobody else, absolutely nobody else, believes it will. Local channels aren't producing their own shows. They are buying up inexpensive taped shows, produced for station-by-station syndication; syndicated outfits have been working overtime during the summer to grind out inexpensive quiz shows, stunt shows, and continuations of network rejects (*Hee-Haw!*, *Lawrence Welk* and *Lassie* are all having second lives via syndication). And small outfits are dusting off their ancient TV films for local replay. (If this keeps up, *My Little Margie* may rule nighttime TV once again.)



Otherwise, this TV season will be known as the time of the movie stars—or of those established movie stars who apparently can no longer make it at the theatrical box offices and so are trying it on TV.

James Stewart, cozily renamed Jimmy Stewart, is a college professor, a father and a grandfather (he has a son the same age as his grandson, eight). Rock Hudson is a carefree, married detective (if that's not a contradiction *à trois*). Shirley MacLaine is a photojournalist. Anthony Quinn is a Latino mayor in the Southwest. Tony Curtis is a nonsmoking millionaire who, with Roger Moore, sticks his nose into international crime. Glenn Ford is a contemporary Western marshal who saddles up a Jeep. And George Kennedy, who it is to be hoped, will quickly sell his Hormel and Kinghanham stocks, is a priest who solves murders (consider the possibilities).

THEN THERE ARE the TV returnees, players who have had a fling at films and by now presumably worn down their box-office potential. These include Dick Van Dyke, David Janssen, Rod Taylor (one of the most convincingly energetic actors ever to work on TV) and James Garner.

How all this will turn out should surely remain to be seen. One of the most pointless and foolish tasks in TV reviewing seems to me the business of pouncing on new shows after one or two episodes have aired and delivering pronouncements thereby on a whole series. I shudder to think what I would have said about Dick Van Dyke after one show, or even after ten. Yet he went on to develop a fine comic acting style, perfectly suited to the TV medium. (Anyone who thinks Jack Lemmon is one of our best performers of comedy drama might study Van Dyke carefully, and think again.)

Meanwhile, there are the returning shows. And since so many of the new ones are suspense and/or mystery shows, it might be well to say something about a couple of such programs which I have mentioned here before, and which seem to me to set standards in that tenacious American genre.

There's *Ironside* with Raymond Burr. Basically, this one offers usually well produced and well acted plot-mongering—suspense melodrama in which story per se takes precedence. When it rises above this, it often does so because of Burr, himself, and a script that lets him show what he can convey about the conflict of human feeling and human reason in a man of superior insight and sensitivity.

Then there's *The FBI*. The bickering about whether this one is or is not a propaganda work for J. Edgar Hoover and his forces seems to me largely beside the point. It is a good show because its wrongdoers are not one-dimensional badguys, but are often presented as beings with strong, believable personal conflicts, temptations and moral choices to make, and because its situations sometimes bring its characters through the fire of self-knowledge—the father of a kidnaped son must decide what he really thinks of his adored boy; a young radical is forced to ask himself just how much moral conviction is really involved in his political stand.

What all this has to do with the real FBI and its actions, I don't know, and I don't think I care. Indeed, the agents themselves are apt to be plodding, one-dimensional goodguys. But that tendency is often saved by the performances of Efrem Zimbalist Jr. whose understated style makes him an exceptional TV actor in ways I hope to discuss in this space soon. □

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(Continued from page 1152)

Post Office or American liberalism are the root causes of the current dilemma in Army enlistment. However, the problem has an answer, and American conservatives, who were the first to promote the idea of a voluntary military, should not appear diffident in offering it.

First, American conservatives with libertarian inclinations should stop promoting the myth that pay scales *alone* will solve the enlistment problem. Pay for special support elements has been raised even beyond comparable free-market levels, and the Army's enlistment rate in this area has not improved. On the other hand, self-styled Guadalcanal conservatives, those who have never served in a peacetime Army, should resist the gut temptation to say that what this Army needs is more spankings.

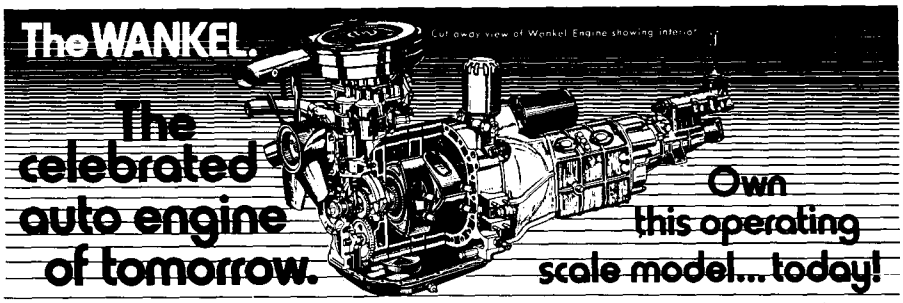
What this Army needs is less menial programming! Discipline is necessary but is not an end in itself. No young man, college graduate or otherwise, will volunteer years of his life for a totally regimented atmosphere where scrubbing garbage cans and guarding unused warehouses is still standard operating procedure, irrespective of the pay scale. Observing the reforms instituted by Admiral Zumwalt for the Navy, which has waxed and not waned in enlistment and morale, the U.S. Army can in time heal its primary wound. More emphasis on specialized training (following the British model) for all servicemen and offering more realistic opportunities for young men to earn graduate and post-graduate degrees while in the Army would solve a big part of the enlistment problem. The form of competitive turnover executives must suffer in the marketplace, if applied to *all* Army officers and noncommissioned personnel, would attract men with higher intelligence quotients, greater technical abilities and more civility in personal conduct.

Washington, D.C. RONALD F. DOCKSAI

Heath's England

One appreciates the intention behind your wishful thinking in Britain's behalf, but I fear the conclusions drawn by some of the contributors to NATIONAL REVIEW show an incomplete grasp of the realities on this side of the Atlantic ["Can Heath Hold the Line?," Colm Brogan, June 15; "The Week," July 27]. In fact there is now a good deal of government involvement in our economy. Edward Heath has traveled (albeit unwillingly) farther than you think he has down the slippery slope of government management of the economy—his cabinet ministers are discussing their own prices and incomes policy, after they had repeatedly said, while campaigning, that such measures never worked. And this trend began a good deal sooner in Heath's government than in Richard Nixon's.

Bromley, Kent S. M. STEWART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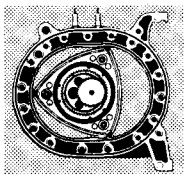

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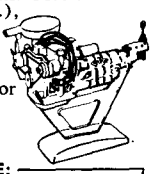

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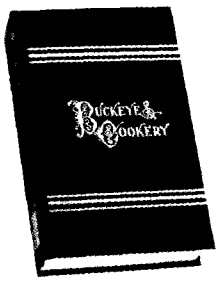

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WARD

(Continued from page 1179)

The first of these, the emergence of political democracy, encouraged individuals to hold their own political attitudes and permitted them to form associations without interference from incumbent authority.

The second factor, according to Brim, was the secularization of the state, whereby government was barred from the area of religion, morality and philosophy, and the absolute right of the individual to hold his own moral values was established.

This process is not irreversible. The abandonment of an iron-firm belief in the right to a private personality will invite further government encroachment into family matters, religious beliefs and moral values. And such usurpation is bound to extend, as it has in the past, to control of political attitudes.

Bruno Bettelheim has noted that some things are kept private not because they are evil, but because they are valuable. Unrestricted sexuality in movies and plays makes public the most valuable thing we have—our own souls and identities, and invites public regulation of them. Reasonable rules on what may be shown and done in the arts will preserve, not destroy, freedom. □

KEEFAUVER

(Continued from page 1180)

washday miracle. Before he had dinner that night he scrubbed his skin, then sprayed it with chemicals. Then he sat down to a meal chockful of heartier flavor. Afterwards, he enjoyed some smoking pleasure. And the next morning, of course, he enjoyed crispier and crunchier goodness.

All the things I've been missing! he thought.

For, of course, Henry J. wasn't a hippie any more. And it was all because of pot. It had caused non-hippies to go hippie; therefore, logically, it had caused him to go non-hippie. Or so he thought. For he had never had pot before, since smoking of any kind had long been banned, everybody ate it in brownies, and he was a diabetic.

And—suddenly!—he, a new non-hippie, realized in horror that he was the cause of the hippies' possible take-over of the government.

With that, he immediately phoned the FBI and told them about the pot in the postage-stamp glue. The agents

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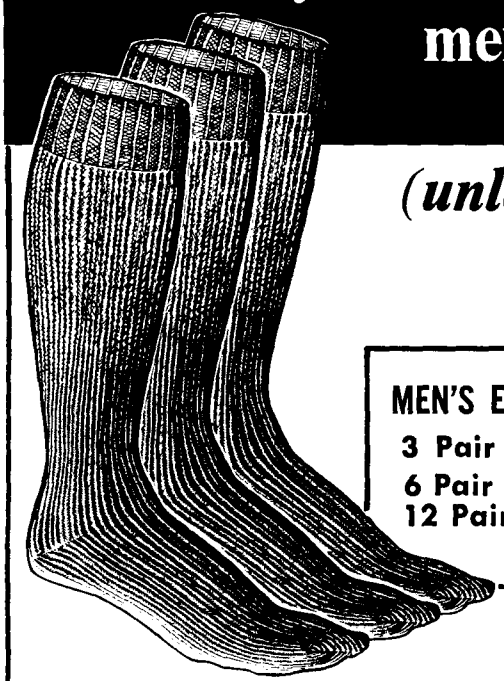

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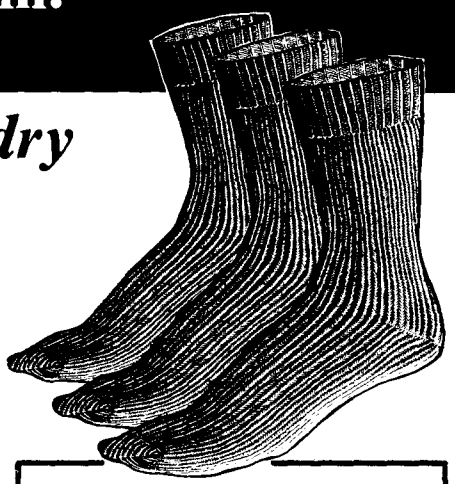

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When our new merchandise man was offered an exclusive on these indestructible nylon socks, he called the manufacturer a liar.

"Can't be done!" he said. "If the socks are strong and durable as you claim, they've got to be so stiff underfoot, they'll be unwearable!"

"Kitten-soft," said the manufacturer.

"Then they won't wash satisfactorily."

"Always come out like new," barked the manufacturer, "Permanent colors, lasting texture and shape."

"Or you'll weasel the guarantee," added our man, doubtingly.

"Unconditional!" snapped the manufacturer.

"What's the catch?"

"No catch, no secret!" said the manufacturer happily. "68 filaments of DuPont nylon per inch, throughout the sock. Woven so closely, they make most ordinary socks look like they're three-quarters air, by comparison! Styled by one of the world's great sock designers—for perfect proportion and fit. The yarn is guaranteed to be practically indestructible, in normal use. That "normal use" simply means regular ordinary wear—don't burn holes in them deliberately or try to cut them with a scissors or razor."

We still had to be shown. So we got samples. And we wore them. And wore them. And machine washed them. And Laundromatted them. And tortured them. Like wearing one pair for a week straight—till we thought they'd drown in sweat. Then we washed them—with no sweat. They looked and felt like new. The socks didn't surrender. We did. They're for real—and forever!

So here they are. The forever socks. All black, or in a 6-pair assortment of smart solid colors to complement any wardrobe, 2 pair black, 1 charcoal, 1 brown, 1 navy, 1 loden. Ankle length, with elastic tops for snug fit. Or new executive length (over the calf). Aankle or executive length socks fit any size 9½ to 13.

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If you've got a slow laundry (or grownup kids), take us up on our discount dozen offer . . . 12 pair–only $14.98. Same assortment (only doubled) . . . same forever guarantee! If you prefer the higher executive length, get 3 pair for $4.98, 6 pair for $8.98, 12 pair for $16.50.

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to whom he talked (they kept passing him around for laughs), either didn't believe him or cheered, depending on how many stamps they had licked that week.

But now Henry, although nervous, was not discouraged. He would lick the problem himself. He would simply stop throwing brownies in the glue.

Nervously throwing another cookie into his belly, he, avoiding anybody who wore a beard, beads, bells, jeans or turtleneck sweater, went off to work at Sticky & Sons. He thought he ought to appear to avoid suspicion.

Henry J. Littlefinger's Program for Survival worked. As the glue on stamps became progressively potless, stamp-lickers gradually went back to normal. Nixon, wearing shoes and a tie again, his beard shaved off, commanded the Air Force to resume bombing Vietnam to make peace; the *Reader's Digest* began running fold-out urban-renewed images; television sets were installed in navels for happier contemplation; J. Edgar Hoover divorced his wife and swore she was a disguised Communist all along; Graham began a chain of Soul Clubs, and Hefner went back to converting bunnies; General Motors brought out a car that wouldn't go under 93 miles per hour—backward; and highway engineers started building freeways into backyards.

Henry J. was in high glee. But Large Daddy Throckmortan was in high wrath and suspicion—as crafty Henry had foreseen.

Thus, when Large Daddy himself got a job as a glue man at Sticky & Sons to see if Henry was still tossing pot in the postage-stamp glue, Henry was ready for him: He had some real brownies, containing nothing but shortening and sugar and chocolate and the rest. These, instead of the zapped-up ones, he threw in the glue.

The zapped-up ones he threw in his mouth. He really didn't know what else to do with them. Besides, he liked his new non-hippieness, pot induced; it was something he'd never had.

Besides that, he liked sugar very much.

Unfortunately.

For, although Henry J. Littlefinger was well-equipped to be a simple, happy, lazy, lovable, loyal, dirty hippie—and to save the United States from going hippie—he was cruelly cut down when he got a taste of the sweet life.

Diabetes killed him. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Senator Muskie's Gaffe

New York, Oct. 3—Concerning Senator Muskie's observation that there would be little point in putting a black Vice President on his ticket, inasmuch as both of them would then proceed to lose, a few observations.

1. President Nixon's retort that Senator Muskie had "libeled" the American people is both disingenuous and misleading. Disingenuous because we have all been told that when Henry Cabot Lodge, running for Vice President on Richard Nixon's ticket in 1960, promised somebody somewhere that if Mr. Nixon were elected he would name a Negro to the Cabinet, Candidate Nixon almost fainted. And no wonder.

Which brings us to the misleading aspect of Mr. Nixon's criticism. To say there is no race prejudice in this country is about the same as saying there are no rivers that run, or grass that grows. But it is not anti-Negro to observe that there is anti-Negro prejudice. It is not antisemitic to say that there is antisemitic prejudice. Anybody who wants to become President begins by disencumbering himself of any positions or associations which he believes are net liabilities. When, in late 1959, Mayor David Lawrence of Pittsburgh announced flatly that he was opposed to nominating John F. Kennedy because there was too much anti-Catholic prejudice in the country to make possible his election, nobody called Mr. Lawrence anti-Catholic. To be sure, he was himself a Catholic, which was a good hedge against that charge. But even if he hadn't been, he could have made that statement without disgracing himself.

2. Senator Muskie counts on getting the Negro vote to begin with, for no better reason, nor worse one, than that the Democratic Party has for quite a while now won the overwhelming majority of the Negro vote. Acknowledging that that is the way Negroes tend to vote is to acknowledge that a political prejudice will inevitably be stimulated against that particular block. Consider a formal construction of the syllogism: John is a Republican. John doesn't like Democrats. Most Negroes are Democrats. Therefore John does not like most Negroes. Is that a racist conclusion? But consider: the syllogism tells you nothing about John's prejudice being racial in origin. Racial bias takes off from an ethnic point. If approximately half of the American Negro community voted Republican, and the other half Democratic, there would be a considerable lessening of the prejudice one here discusses.

3. The most frequently cited data intended to "document" American racial bias as it touches on politics are inconclusive. Congressman Dellums—and others—cite the presence in Congress of a mere thirteen black members of the House, and one senator. Why shouldn't there be—he asks—fifty black congressmen, and ten senators, reflecting the population figures? Because, a) although there are 22 million blacks, the black population does not in fact exceed the white population in any single state, or in any single city except for Washington, D.C. and Newark, N.J. It is a more significant datum by far that Senator Brooke was overwhelmingly elected from Massachusetts, notwithstanding that only 2 per cent of the population there is Negro. It is, however, probably true that the majority would not have voted for him for President.

And, finally, what the commotion is all about is that the Negro in America began behind—way behind. That is the meaning of a National Association for the *Advancement* of Colored People. The Negro people's disadvantages, though distinctive, are not unique. A Jew has yet to be nominated for the Presidency, though the Jews are half as numerous as the Negroes. And this notwithstanding that the spectacular Jewish contribution to American civilization is merely suggested by the fact that 30 per cent of the undergraduate body of Harvard is Jewish (my figures are a few years old). It is not to be anti-Negro to recognize that the same politicians who until a few years ago were afraid to name a Catholic, are still afraid to name a Jew, haven't even considered naming a woman, as a Presidential candidate, should cavil at naming a Negro.

4. So that the case against Senator Muskie had better be made on more substantial grounds. And let those who fret, remind themselves that progress is being made, very fast. I wrote some years ago that I hoped to see a Negro in the White House in 1980. Why 1980? Because it is a symbol for some future time. To say I'd like to see one nominated today, in the hope of being elected tomorrow, would make me, like unto thee, George McGovern, a hypocrite. □

THE BURDEN OF GEORGE BUSH

New York, Oct. 5—Pity the U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, the talented and amiable Mr. George Bush. On top of the intrinsic difficulties of serving in the United Nations, where the frictions range from the equality of Upper Volta, to the peaceloving imperatives of Soviet policy, Mr. Bush finds himself actively brokering, in behalf of the Nixon Administration, the so-called two-China policy. I.e., one seat (including the Security Council) for Red China, one seat (in the General Assembly) for Nationalist China.

Mr. Bush faces many difficulties. Among them is the emotional difficulty. Now, of course, Mr. Nixon having *made the decision to recognize* Red China, the psychic reorientation is necessary. Mr. Nixon found it easier than any amateur might have thought: Resistance to his proposed trip to Red China has been slight. The American people, who yearn for good news, and who continue to believe that Richard Nixon is simply not the kind of person who will make mistakes in his dealings with the enemy, rewarded him with a significant increase in the Gallup rating.

It was left only to give flesh to Mr. Nixon's promise that nothing in his decision would suggest that he was engaged in betraying America's "old friends." Now there are two ways in which one betrays one's old friends in this particular context. To begin with, the old friend in question is easily identified as Nationalist China. As regards

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Nationalist China, we are in a position to prove the constancy of our friendship in two ways, the one symbolic, the other substantive. As regards the latter, what matters is the defense treaty of 1955. Any suggestion that that defense treaty, passed overwhelmingly in the United States Senate, is being rescinded, would amount to betrayal of the coarsest kind, and it is not anywhere suggested that President Nixon entertains any such intention. The other betrayal is symbolic. And the assignment has been given to George Bush to prevent its happening, namely the expulsion of the Nationalist Chinese from the United Nations.

There is no doubting the sincerity of Mr. Bush's efforts to line up the necessary votes. And he has succeeded in getting a formidable co-sponsor, namely Japan, for the two-China resolution. On the other hand, the votes we need in the UN are not by any means out there waiting to be counted.

The specialists, lining up the market situation, are frankly skeptical that when the vote comes, the United States will prevail. They are saying that it will be close, that it is altogether possible that the United Nations will expel the Nationalist Chinese in order to validate the Red Chinese claim to dominance over Taiwan. These are the same people, one pauses to remark, who would run away from any proposal to deny to the present representatives the right to dispose of the votes of Hungary and Czechoslovakia; let alone Byelorussia or the Ukraine.

The international mood in the UN is bent on appeasing Red China and embarrassing the United States. I tend to think that the latter is the stronger of the two impulses, for one simple reason, which I beg you not to dismiss. Although the Soviet Union, for reasons of abstract socialist solidarity, will argue in favor of jettisoning Taiwan, in fact the Soviet Union is not going to work hard to oblige the Red Chinese. Therefore, the anti-Taiwan vote will be, primarily, not a pro-Communist vote, but an anti-American vote, you wait and see.

So what is Mr. Bush to do? This depends, of course, on his instructions. Up until now one gathers that Mr. Nixon has told him to do what he can within the parliamentary situation. That may not prove enough: Who knows, Upper Volta may decide that world peace requires the vaporization of Nationalist China.

Eight years ago, Senator Barry Goldwater wrote a piece for *This Week* Magazine on the question of the admission of Red China. He said that the time had come for the United States to say: no. The piece was of course explicated, but the title told it all. If the United States, certain of its moral and historical footing, were to say no—why, that is all there would be to it.

The question becomes—as so many questions do—political. Is Mr. Nixon prepared symbolically to acquiesce in the betrayal of Nationalist China? I do not doubt that he is watching carefully to judge the American temper on the question. Meanwhile Mr. Bush is charged to Stakhanovite parliamentary endeavor. The appearance has got to be right. Actually Mr. Bush could hole down in the Waldorf Towers if he wanted to, and do nothing at all. All he would have to say is: Richard Nixon says no. □

THE AIR WAR

New York, Oct. 10—Professor George Stigler of the University of Chicago, who along with John Kenneth Galbraith writes the most eloquent prose in the English-speaking world on the subject of economics, has the advantage over Galbraith of being more often right than wrong. And one thinks of him, apropos of the great transatlantic air-fare war. He ended an essay a few years ago by saying, simply, that notwithstanding the rise of technology, competition remains the greatest friend of the consumer.

The critics of the free economy are forever telling us how much extra money we pay out every year to feed the monopolists. Senator Fred Harris, who is running for President, recently tossed out the figure $100 billion. Asked exactly how to explain that, he fumbled about, unable to come up with many illustrations of prices artificially sustained. He might have mentioned the airlines. But of course it would have been an inappropriate moment to do so, precisely because the air war is really on.

The initiative of Lufthansa, which has simply refused to be governed by the international body that has been setting air fares ever since the World War, has caused a great scramble, and yelps of pain from overburdened airlines. It is not an argument against TWA or against Pan American to suggest that if there isn't enough business to sustain the two of them on competitive routes, they should merge.

Ten years ago, when the situation looked rosier, Pan American executives were whispering that they would like to be permitted to fly a passenger to England for one hundred bucks. At the time, Pan American was allegedly blocked by BOAC. BOAC, a nationalized airline, was struggling along inefficiently, developing its own redundant airplanes for the sake of the national pride. At one point, a member of the House of Commons observed that it would be of net benefit to taxpayers of Britain if they would offer £25 ($60) to every potential client of BOAC as a bribe not to fly BOAC.

But the English were very stiff on the point of not permitting the fares to decline, and word finally wafted in that no airline that undercharged its passengers in such a way as to embarrass BOAC would be permitted to land in London. If one plans to fly to England and is told one cannot land in London, that tends to put one off; and so the English had their way.

Now it is the Americans who reach out for protection. It is unlikely that the United States Government will intervene with threats to forbid Lufthansa or the other airlines from setting down at Kennedy Airport. That is the kind of pressure we may yet use against the supersonic airplanes now being developed. But if we invoke it, it will be in the name of Ecology, not protection. As it stands, the American airlines will need either to improve their efficiency, or to merge.

A DECADE AGO, Mr. William Rickenbacker proposed that the airlines solve their problems by selling wholesale their entire seating capacity at public auctions every six months or so. The buyers would then handle the tickets much as theater agents handle seats for Broadway plays. If you are willing to wait, you pay less. If you are willing to go at a moment's notice and sit in a seat which would otherwise be empty, you pay still less. If you insist on going the day before Christmas, you pay more. Object: to fill the planes. And to relieve the carriers of the job of merchandising their services, a function which is after all extrinsic to the operation of an efficient airline. An interesting idea.

It is to everyone's benefit to make available to those who would travel the great facilities of the jet airplane. Granted, there must be an economic floor. It does not do to paper the house, as they call it on Broadway when you give away tickets rather than demoralize the cast. But surely the demonstration has been made, during this perfervid summer, that the rates are too high. It was the charter airplanes that made that demonstration, and to their resourcefulness the traveling public should be grateful.

And, through all the commotion, one acknowledges the force of the market, the best friend of the consumer. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Unscramble CERAMIC FOAM DEED to get a privilege that ought to be accompanied by responsibility — 2 206 81 96 102 107 111 165 219 17 / 25 33 79 120 151

B. The proofreaders celebrated when he died — 105 7 31 52 67 90 188 200 208 21

C. On living south of the Alps — 130 12 46 60 88 101 218 63 112 117 / 78 123

D. What some gentlemen prefer — 122 157 3 37 142 204 192

E. The process of solving a system of linear equations by a procedure in which variables are successively removed — 137 13 56 71 146 119 144 158 169 190 / 198

F. The president of the Soviet Empire, 1923-1946 — 183 185 124 97 100 155 104

G. Ambidextrous — 199 138 11 28 205 131 98 228 129

H. The president of Rockford College — 207 14 154 224 140 85

I. What *Newsweek* tries to do — 16 51 40 77 93 27 35 61 66

J. An *Old Testament* book — 24 4 44 53 57 75 106 121 125 139 / 147 118

K. A mounted courier — 29 225 55 196 39 76 170 181 128

L. How movies are sometimes shown — 34 65 166 143 176 191 202 43 49 89

M. A party whose planks were stolen by the major parties — 62 210 80 99 194 134 103 18 230

N. The first aviator — 64 19 127 133 141 149 160 116 203 30 / 36 87 92

O. Small salamanders — 5 20 15 42 54

P. Resembling a certain nocturnal bird of prey — 70 161 156 179 212 110

Q. Unscramble PERCHES FEE to get a right that ought to be accompanied by responsibility — 148 95 201 126 9 213 223 47 69 159

R. It's manly, Art! — 163 22 41 109 6 114 10 59 82 145 / 152

S. Persecution — 172 23 115 45 68 153 167 177 229 86

T. Silly — 175 26 32 73 94 222 214 132 162 187

U. Pertaining to coin collecting — 186 211 227 91 174 1 182 215 84 48

V. Wrote for another — 195 136 38 217 58 226 83

W. Austere — 216 150 209 180 189

X. A desire for food or drink — 220 108 72 173 135 197 164 184

Y. A utensil — 8 168 221 113 74 178 193 50 171

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1196 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

	1 U	2 A	3 D		4 J	5 O	6 R		7 B	8 Y	9 Q		10 R	11 G	12 C	13 E	14 H	15 O	16 I
17 A	18 M		19 N	20 O	21 B	22 R	23 S	24 J	25 A	26 T		27 I	28 G	29 K	30 N	31 B		32 T	33 A
34 L	35 I	36 N	37 D		38 V	39 K		40 I	41 R	42 O	43 L	44 J	45 S	46 C	47 Q		48 U	49 L	50 Y
51 I	52 B	53 J	54 O	55 K		56 E	57 J		58 V	59 R	60 C	61 I	62 M		63 C	64 N		65 L	66 I
67 B	68 S		69 Q	70 P	71 E	72 X	73 T	74 Y	75 J	76 K		77 I	78 C	79 A		80 M	81 A	82 R	83 V
84 U	85 H		86 S	87 N	88 C	89 L		90 B	91 U	92 N	93 I	94 T	95 Q		96 A	97 F	98 G		99 M
100F		101C	102A	103M	104F		105B	106J	107A	108X	109R		110P	111A	112C	113Y	114R	115S	
116N	117C	118J		119E	120A	121J		122D	123C	124F	125J	126Q	127N	128K	129G		130C	131G	132T
133N	134M		135X	136V	137E		138G	139J	140H	141N	142D		143L	144E	145R		146E	147J	
148Q	149N	150W	151A	152R	153S		154H	155F	156P	157D		158E	159Q	160N		161P	162T	163R	164X
	165A	166L	167S	168Y	169E	170K		171Y	172S	173X		174U	175T	176L	177S		178Y	179P	180W
181K	182U	183F	184X		185F	186U	187T		188B	189W	190E	191L	192D	193Y		194M	195V	196K	197X
198E		199G	200B	201Q		202L	203N	204D	205G	206A	207H	208B	209W	210M	211U	212P		213Q	214T
215U	216W	217V		218C	219A		220X	221Y	222T	223Q	224H	225K	226V	227U	228G	229S	230M		

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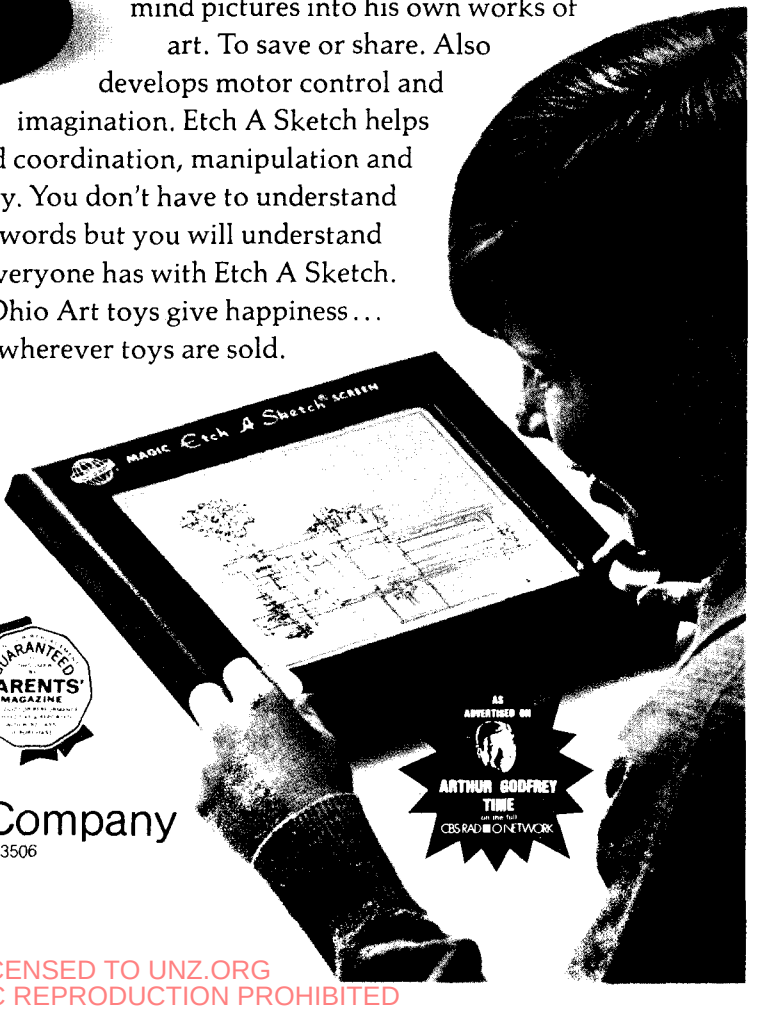

Good Housekeeping

GUARANTEED PARENTS' MAGAZINE

OHIO ART

The Ohio Art Company
BRYAN, OHIO 43506

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